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\* SLAVERY IN THE  
\* OLD LIBERATED AREA  
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## SLAVE LABOR CAMPS IN THE "OLD LIBERATED AREA"

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## SLAVE LABOR CAMPS IN THE "OLD LIBERATED AREA"

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Chapter ILIVING HUMAN SKELETONS AS I SAW THEM

The night was dark. [redacted]

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[redacted] through the kindness of a "retained railway employee" I obtained a ticket at five times the usual price. Once on the coach I felt the tension of my heart eased.

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[redacted] The door was closed and nobody answered. I thought the inmates must have been out or else moved away; so I continued my way towards the cathedral just next door [redacted] As the door opened I walked straight in. The doors of most of the rooms were shut and not a noise was heard in the compound. I failed to perceive a single soul when I walked round the buildings, and began to feel suspicious. I was at the point of knocking at the door of the main hall when I heard a voice from behind: "Raise your hands". Thus caught by surprise, I began to tremble and lifted both my hands.

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Out of that hall rushed several rough-necks clad in nankeen uniforms who surrounded me and escorted me inside. This was the interior arrangement of the building: A big square table stood in the middle of the hall, with wooden benches scattered here and there and a worm-eaten portrait of Mao Tze-tung on the wall; straw spread on the floor along the side

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served as beds. With a dozen armed men directing their eyes on me, I realized their meaning and felt more reassured. A fellow came up and ran his hands all over my body, evidently looking for hidden arms. Another fellow questioned me, "What are you doing here? Are you coming here to get some information?" I tried in vain to explain to my interrogator the true purpose of my visit and showed him my identity paper, at which he shouted: "What a fine running-dog of American Imperialism, spy of the reactionaries and accomplice of Pastor Yang!"

When I heard this series of accusations my blood boiled and I wanted to say something in my self-defence. No sooner had I uttered the salutation "Mister" than that fellow barked: "Mister or Master - these salutations are the off-spring of feudal idea. The term employed by us Communists is 'Tung Chih' ("Comrade")!"

Thus informed of this new Communist term, I continued: "Comrade, I am coming here to see my parents. Your statement should be based on facts ...."

My interrogator interrupted: "Your identity paper states you are a professor of Chee-lee University, an institution run by the American Imperialists. Are you not a running -dog of American Imperialism? Am I wrong in saying that you are a spy of the reactionaries, since you said you had come from the South? As you came here to look for Pastor Yang, you are naturally a fellow-accomplice of his!"

"Comrades, are your statements based on logic?" I asked. In an arrogant mood, my interrogator shouted: "Old chicken or young chicken, nonsense! Bind him up!"

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The term I used in my question, "lo chi", for "logic" must have been confused by him with the term "lao chi", the equivalent for a hen or "old chicken". I was bound with my hands behind my back, pulled out, and put in a dark dungeon under guard. Since I had never come into collision with anybody in my life, nor had I been molested by anyone, I felt greatly pert by this harsh treatment, and asked the guard: "What crime have I committed?" "Which village do you come from?" the guard asked in turn. "Li Lu Village, south-east of the city", I replied. "You were followed by agents of our inspection post after you got off the train. You are indeed unlucky because you looked for Pastor Lang and Dr. Kuo, both spies of American Imperialism. You are likely to be put in jail," replied the guard sympathetically.

Thus tipped, I realized the nature of the crime I was accused of, and that the church had been confiscated and turned into an inspection post of the "Bureau of Public Safety" by the Communists.

Without food for a whole day, I felt dizzy and shaky and could not stand on my feet any longer. I found more comfort by sitting down on the floor, damp as it was. It was getting dark and the room was lighted by a dim vegetable-oil lamp. A fellow came in after an hour's time, shouting: "Come! Follow me!" "Where to?", I asked in a hoarse voice. "Back to your native home!" replied the fellow jokingly. Things having come to such a pass, I had to entrust everything to God, and disregarding what was going to befall me, I protested: "I have had neither food nor drink for the whole day; I cannot move!"

This aroused his ill-temper. I was at once slapped on the face and cursed: "How dare you protest. Go as I direct; otherwise I will beat you to death!"

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In retaliation I growled: "I don't want to move. Beat me to death then!" I still stuck to my seat.

My assailant ceased applying force and left after whispering to the guard for a little while. He came back afterwards, a ladle half full of cold water in hand. Throwing the container in front of me, he barked: "Drink quick!" Refreshed by this drink which I drained at one gulp, I got up and followed him. Armed with a revolver he led the way. I walked step by step after him, with the guard holding the rope behind me.

We got into the city, and made a turn to the north after walking a distance of 50 yards. There stood a huge gate, with a big lantern at the top and lined with armed guards—the entrance to the Pingyuan District Government building, as far as I could recollect. Turning to the west we came to another gate lined with iron plates, its adjacent walls measuring over 10 feet high. I was led to a small house and handed over to a silly-looking chap, who questioned me as regards my name, age, family home, particulars respecting my case, etc., and made entries in his register.

He then issued to the guard a sealed receipt worded: "Received one criminal,

[redacted] This reminded me that I was not only a prisoner of the Communists, but also had assumed the status of a criminal. This done, he sent for a warden and instructed him: "Shut him up in the small room!"

I was pushed into a dark little room and locked up. On leaving, the warden peeped through the hole in the door of the cell and said to me: "The little bucket at the corner is to serve as your commode".

The four sides of the cell could be reached by a stretch of the hand. In the pitch dark I tried to find out what was inside, but the

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little bucket was all that there was. Like a wild-beast just put in a cage, I felt the agony and frustration. I squatted for a while, then stood up, walked two steps along the wall, and occasionally bumped my nose against it. In my anguish I struck the wall with my shoulder or knocked it with my fist, thinking it might fall down and I would be freed. But, good Heaven! How could that happen? I made such continuous movements until dawn, when I was worn out and fell asleep on the floor with my clothes on.

Early next morning, the warden opened the door and woke me up with a kick and a shout: "Get up!" In came a man, who, to all appearances, was a civil employee. Handing me ten sheets of paper, one worn-out writing brush and an ink-pot, he commanded me: "You have to write an autobiography of yourself today." He then told me in detail the subjects on which I should write, vis., name, age, family home, standard of education; category in which the family should be classified ("oppressor" or "oppressed"); origin of the family; personal history since the age of 12 (such as name of school from which graduated, whether supported by documentary proof; date of participation in any political party, public, religious, or fraternity organization, positions held therein, where served, nature of work). One important point was: on each subject not only facts but also the motive and reason for such facts should be given in addition to a minute survey of, and comments on such statements.

In the small hours of June 3rd, I was pulled out of the cell for trial. Inside a tiled building just white-washed sat several Communists in nankeen uniforms, each with a 5-inch smoking pipe in hand. On the table were some bamboo slabs for squeezing prisoners' fingers and a set of heavy "bamboo" arrayed along the walls. The trial began with the following

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question put to me by a "comrade": "You have been here for three days and have already written your own story. We have made careful enquiries and would not falsely accuse any good man. Give us a full account of the nefarious activities of Pastor Yang and Dr. Kuo in their capacity as spies for American Imperialism, and you will then be free! We might also submit our favorable views with the suggestion to confer a mark of appreciation on you! 'Chairman Mao' has said: 'The ringleader shall be punished, the followers shall be exonerated and those doing good work in bringing the culprit to book shall be rewarded!'"

"Comrades, I have already given a full and faithful account of myself in my story which should have been read by you. What more should I say since you have made a careful investigation?"

[REDACTED]

"During my boyhood days I was given my religious teaching and was baptized" [REDACTED]

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Evidently angered by these words, the "comrade" yelled: "Bring one of those 'bamboo'!"

A sturdy fierce-looking chap brought a set of "bamboo" along, stared at me with his ferocious eyes, then bent his head to glance at the instrument as if to warn me, and said to me: "Tell the truth, quick!"

"Comrades, I have just said that I have already told you what I should say." "This stubborn chap should be given a lesson!"

I was stripped of my clothing and placed with my mouth down on the floor. With a cunning smile the "comrade" yelled: "One stroke will make you

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half-dead; two strokes will send you to hell. Now do you want to speak the truth?" "Up to this moment, I still have nothing more to say", I answered stubbornly. The "bamboo" was lifted up with a cracking sound. I was expecting every moment that the stroke would fall on my thighs when the "comrade" stood up and said: "The 'People's Government' will be lenient with you this time. Go back and repeat yourself. Give us a full confession in the next hearing, or you will have to suffer!" I was thus dragged back to my cell.

In this solitary confinement with none to speak to and always in a state of terror, one would become nervous, however courageous one might be. The air was foul and this was sufficient to make one the more distraught. I felt as if I were subject to the fire torture every minute. Above me was the bare roof; all round me were the walls; and below me was the wet floor. What a hell!

At midnight of June 4th, I was subject to another trial. I faced an ugly old man, as thin as a human skeleton, with long white uncombed hair like a wild man, eyes deeply sunk in his skull, and a hunched back. He looked as fearsome as a monster from the grave. Pointing to this man, one "comrade" asked him of me: "Do you know him?" The aged invalid stared at me with half-opened eyes and faintly murmured: "I do not know him." He was then escorted out by two men.

Another old man of similar appearance but of a slightly smaller stature was next led in. He was asked the same question and gave the same answer. He was then pulled out. Finally they asked me: "Do you know either of these two gentlemen?"

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Although I had spoken on animal skeletons in my lectures [redacted]

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[redacted] I had never seen

or come across such living skeletons myself since I was born. So I answered immediately: "I don't know either of them." At this moment the emotion as expressed in my face was closely watched. "Give a full confession. You should speak the truth," ordered the "comrade." "What I said was nothing but truth. I would simply repeat that I don't know either of them."

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[redacted] I was struck by surprise and enquired: "Are these really the two gentlemen?"

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[redacted] both of them looked just like demons from hell.

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This reminded me of the Communist play, "Pai Mao Nu" ("white-haired maid"), very popular in Red China, which depicted the transformation of the "Maid" into a devil, but in comparison, the transformation which the two gentlemen had undergone was more real than hers.

The Communists then altered their course of interrogation and put to me another series of questions: "When were you baptized? Through whose introduction? Compulsorily or voluntarily? What are your views on religion?", to which I replied on the basis of the principle of freedom of worship as announced by the Communist "Coalition Government".

At this point I was interrupted by a "comrade": "What a pity that you, university professor, should believe in Christianity".

The second trial thus came to an end.

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## Chapter II

INNUMERABLE CRIMES PERPETRATED BY THE " NATIVE COMMUNISTS":

On the fifth day of my detention I was removed to the big jail. It was a native-styled building, somewhat larger in size than the first one, measuring 10 paces long by 5 paces wide, wherein some thirty prisoners, each sharing less than half a foot, were confined like sparrows in a cage, bumping against one another, one on top of the other, a familiar sight in a market place. Turning one's back was an impossibility as any slight movement was likely to affect everyone; all the inmates had to be wakened up before a single one could change his position.

The roof was low and a little window served as the only means of ventilation. The heat of the scorching summer sun penetrated through the thin roof, through the east wall in the morning, and through the west wall in the afternoon, making them alternately as hot as an oven. All the heat seemed to have been absorbed by this building and we were virtually like steamed leaves inside a cooking-pot. Sweat ran down continuously like a shower from our bodies; we breathed heavily as if on the point of suffocation. The straw on the floor where we slept, though immune from vermin during zero weather, now served as a breeding place and asylum for innumerable blood-suckers such as fleas, bed-bugs and mosquitoes, which seemed to have joined hands with the Communists in their combined attack on our bodies, mercilessly draining the blood from the "criminals" who became thinner and thinner, while these collaborators were increasing their size and weight.

Some fellow-sufferers were still dressed in ragged wadded clothing, and they were naturally the ones that suffered most. Forming clusters thereon,

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the vermin dropped down as soon as a movement was made by the prisoner. Black and well-fed, they crawled slowly on the floor.

We were served two meals a day. The food consisted of congee cooked from Kaoliang (sorghum) mixed with bran. Flimsy iron buckets were used as containers and coarse but thin bowls as eating utensils. Filled with steamed gruel, the bowl could not be held tight and the gruel was too hot to be sipped. Reduction of the heat by stirring with chopsticks was disallowed, and so blowing slowly with the mouth was the only alternative. Before meal time all prisoners sat quietly waiting for the signal, and immediately made a move as the whistle was blown. The time allowed for each meal was ten minutes; so everyone had to try his best to eat quickly. When the whistle blew again, they had to stop and return to where they had been. How could one satiate one's hunger under those conditions, for one could finish only half a bowl? As time went on, those with a hot temper were apt to become insane. For example, one Commander Liu, leader of a guerrilla force, noted for his bravery during the war of resistance in his engagements with the Japanese on the shores of Ma Chia River, became mad, because he ate his meals in a similar manner. Liu would not eat or drink; he broke chopsticks and bit rice bowls; he spoke nonsense. What was most detestable was this instance: once a piece of nightsoil was found inside a bucket used as rice container! It later transpired that the Communists, in their "increased production and retrenchment" program, had used rice buckets for carrying human residue; these containers were returned in haste after the work was over; and those responsible for the prisoners' food had neglected to clean them. The "mistake" was thus made. It was the bad luck of our innocent fellow-sufferers to eat nightsoil!

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Most of our fellow-sufferers had already passed their prime of youth; many were aged and feeble. We had among us land-owners arrested during the "mass movement", "wicked oppressors", "rich farmers", "profit-seekers from philanthropy", headmen of districts, headmen of villages, Kuomintang members formerly in the employ of the National Government, preachers, medical practitioners, officers and men formerly in military service just returning from the South, teachers, former Government employees. We numbered almost 5,000 and came from all walks of life.

Behind the jail stood a big hall where tortures were applied to the prisoners who refused to "give a faithful confession". In contrast to the darkness which reigned everywhere, this solitary building was well-illuminated with lanterns and torches, so bright that it looked as if it were in daytime. Noise could be heard from every corner. Numerous little square holes were bored in the walls at irregular intervals. Through these "spectators' holes" the prisoners were instructed to peep when the torture was going on. All that they saw was the scene of cruel shedding of blood; what they heard was the yelling and shrieking of the victims. Evidently they were given a good example, in the same way as monkey-trainers used to kill chickens in front of their trainees. Sometimes the prisoners were made to stand in rows as spectators when the torture took place in the yard, to serve as an effective means to exact a faithful confession.

A few days after my arrival my fellow-sufferers hastened to tell me the brutal methods which the Communists employed in torturing the prisoners.

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These methods of torture were numerous and of varied nature, and some were so strange and barbarous that they were beyond imagination. In the following lines I give a description of those that were the more conspicuous:-

- (1) "Looking at the Central Government": The "prisoner" was tied to a rope and hauled up <sup>in</sup> the air by means of a pulley fixed to a scaffold scores of feet high. He was then asked: "Can you see the Central Government?" Should his answer be "No", he would be held in suspense until he died from starvation and exposure. Conversely, the rope was at once loosened and down came the body mutilated.
- (2) "Looking south of the Yangtze River": The "prisoner" was made to walk in a southern direction. No sooner had he made a few paces than a slash came from a chopper behind him, severing the head from the neck, entirely or partly, with blood shooting up high in the air. The Communists then slapped their hands and laughed at this brutal scene, and other sufferers were made to jeer at the dead man.
- (3) "Kill Kuomintang with native-made shot-gun": The "prisoner" was tied fast to the wooden pole and served as target for the killers to shoot their native-made shot-guns. As the strength of this kind of weapon was very weak, the victim could not be killed by less than a hundred shots. How brutal the Communists were to use a "criminal" as their living target!
- (4) "Opening the skylight": The skull of the "prisoner" was struck with a heavy blow of a big hammer and broken up. Blood splashed

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cut and the neck immediately shrank, and the head became a bloody hole. The Communists watching the cruel scene would then shout, "What a fine scene! What a fine scene! Encore!"

(5) "Baking the cake": An iron shovel, red-hot from the furnace, was applied to the back of the "criminal", turning the skin, then the flesh and finally the bones, into ashes. The victim of course died.

(6) "Blowing the drum": The "criminal" was pressed down on the floor. Air was pumped into his mouth by means of a bicycle hand-pump, causing the belly to swell up. In an instant the air spread all over the body, turning it into a balloon with blood coming out from various exits. If the Communists wanted the victim to die quickly they would clog up the mouth and rectum with cotton wool, burst the belly with a heavy blow with the intestines flowing out in a pool of blood.

(7) "Kerosene Bath": The four limbs of the "criminal" were wound up with cotton wool, and kerosene poured all over his body. When ignited, the fleshy part was liquified and flowed down. More kerosene was added to intensify the fire. Nothing but ashes would then remain to be blown away with the awful smell.

(8) "Needling through the Fish": The victim's belly was bored through at the abdomen with a red-hot crow bar. Scorched intestines giving out an awful smell came out as the crow bar went through. The victim was thus killed.

(9) "Planting the onion in reverse way": The "prisoner" was made to dig a ditch to a depth of his height and to stand there with his head down. Another "prisoner" was forced to spread earth over the victim's

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body. No sooner had the earth covered half of his body than the victim died from suffocation, both of his legs swollen up like those of an ox, which, when beaten with a bar, emanated huge quantities of blood.

(10) "Joint action by four oxen": Each of the "prisoner's" four limbs was tied to a rope fixed to an ox. At the blow of the whistle, the oxen were beaten fiercely and dashed forward with all their might. The victim's body was thus pulled to pieces, and he was killed.

(11) "Dancing the Planting Song": Ten red-hot flat-bottomed iron pans were arranged in a row. Several "prisoners" were forced to dance on them with their bare feet, three steps forward and one step backward, in the style of the "Planting Song" dance which is a common recreation among the Communists. The wounds inflicted on their feet were so severe that the victims either died or else were invalidated for life.

(12) "Cutting on the Hay-cutter": The "prisoner" was laid flat with his neck under the blunt edge of a hay-cutter, and another "prisoner" was ordered to press the handle, under pain of similar punishment in case of refusal. By this means, the victim was killed without shedding one drop of blood. The first operation caused the victim to turn his eyes upward with a moaning groan and it looked as if he were going to expire. He recovered his senses again when the pressure was released. These alternate operations were repeated until the victim died.

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The brutal methods as were described above were copied from those of which we read in the antiquated novels. As such tortures were directed against the innocent people, we may say for certain that the Communists are the most savage beasts ever known in the history of mankind.

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## Chapter III

HUMAN BEINGS AS DRAFT ANIMALS

When I first came to the big jail, the attention of the inmates was focussed on me because I was dressed in the foreign-styled attire much cursed by the Communists, and my coiffeur was in the style of the bourgeoisie. Because I spoke Mandarin with a mixture of Southern accent, they gave me the nickname "Southern Barbarian". Once the guards relaxed their surveillance, they began to bombard me with all sorts of questions, but as I was doubtful of their purpose, I always abstained from giving them anything but ambiguous replies. However, when I got more familiar with them and knew them better, I began to be more free in my conversation.

The number of "prisoners" in the jail was in the neighborhood of 5,000, half of whom had to line up early in the morning and then were escorted to farm-work. As the result of the "mass movement", all arable land was re-distributed, and all "Farmers' Associations" in the adjacent villages were required to hand over the most fertile land to the "district government" to form a collective farm to be cultivated by civil servants of all grades and members of their families who were to reap the harvests as compensation. These people working in the "People's Government" were all on a "Free Supply" basis, with meagre pay amounting to the cost of one catty of pork, which was hardly sufficient to pay for the hot water they were drinking. Busy as they were in "serving the people", by pressing payment of taxes in kind, alleged to have fallen due, interrogating and torturing prisoners, etc., how could they have the time

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to engage themselves in such manual work? Even if they could, they would rather confine themselves at home to stay with their "lovers" or else fuss about with their female colleagues! This ingenious method of compelling the simple-minded and clumsy-looking "prisoners" to work for them was therefore invented. "Landlords", "rich farmers", "profit-seekers from philanthropy" were among the "prisoners". The reason for such choices lies in the fact that these people had had practically no chance to leave their native homes, except on occasions when they called on their relatives and friends to offer them New Year or festival greetings, and that they had lived almost as isolated as the old saying goes: "They can hear the dog barking and the rooster crowing next door, but they do not care to be friendly with their neighbors". Many of them never visited the city before and now they came there for the first time with the status of a "prisoner". Having entirely no knowledge of the outer world, it is evident they had not the courage to run away, and, even so, their attempt to escape would prove futile in the end, in view of the fact that the census system of the Communists was strict and their method for the punishment of escapees was cruel. In other words, ~~escapees~~ would either return voluntarily or else would be sent back to the prison by members of their families, in which case they would be subject to torture, and die from whatever form of torture they might receive! The Communists knew well the psychology of these poor folks and this was the reason why they only posted several of their accomplices as overseers to look after their work instead of ~~any~~ armed men as guards.

(18)

The food for the prisoners, including those detailed for slave labor on the farm, was a private charge to be paid for, either in cash or in kind, by their families monthly. This accounted for the humorous gossip among the prisoners: "We are eating our own meals but work for the people!"

Tactics of an entirely different nature were adopted by Communists towards the prisoners of higher intelligence and experience level, whom they put to hard labor such as carrying earth and bricks, building walls, etc., just as strenuous as ploughing fields. Should stretcher-bearers be required by the "Liberation Army", these men would be sent to make up any deficit that might occur, and so they would leave their native homes, never to return.

After breakfast in the early hours of June 6, I was told to proceed to the trial room, where, in contrast to my past experience on such occasions, I was offered a seat as soon as I entered the gate, by a Communist, who spoke smilingly to me: "The People's Government will not do injustice to a well-behaved man. We have made careful investigations about your case, and the Government is now ready to let you off. So you may return to your home."

In this simple manner I was released and returned to this human world from hell, happily as a bird flying out of the cage and a horse freed from the bridle.

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## Chapter IV

A CHURCH TURNED INTO A SLAUGHTER-HOUSE:

In the words of the Chinese proverbs, "The thought of returning home now strikes the wanderer". "He hopes to see his old home again with the speed of a shooting arrow." With all expedition I came to my native home. Home, home, sweet home! I have left you for a dozen years. The day has now come when I fall into your arms again!

Broken walls and collapsed houses, heaps of discarded bricks and tiles, courtyard and garden overgrown with weeds and deserted— Alas! Is this really my old home?

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At one end of an old bed almost beyond repair lay a lad of about 10 years old, with a girl of 8 at the other end. Their pale faces and thin bodies were conspicuous, and they lay there motionless with wide open eyes. They were so frightened at my sudden appearance that they began to cry. All that I perceived was some movement in their little mouths, but I could not hear any noise. I thought these two children must be my nephew and niece, both now fallen sick! Instinctively I asked [redacted] "Are the children ill? Why don't you send for the doctor?" Her eyes at once filled with tears, and after pausing for

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a moment, she replied: [REDACTED] we cannot get enough for our meals. How STAT  
can we afford to have medical care?"

Dinner time arrived. What was served in the family was congee  
cooked from oak leaves with a mixture of bran. Handing me a big bowl  
of the gruel, [REDACTED] said to me: "Eat up,  
quick!" [REDACTED] STAT  
STAT

Having not seen a single fowl or domestic animal since my arrival,  
I felt strange and asked [REDACTED] "Don't we keep chickens and dogs?" STAT  
He replied in a low voice: "We have voluntarily handed over all our  
chickens to 'comrade' Teng for his food. The eggs and other things we  
saw on his table were the voluntary contributions from our compatriots.  
The dogs and cats have all been eaten up by us, and we even look for  
rats and crows as articles of diet. This is customary for all families."  
At this point, Mother interrupted: "How are we going to pass through  
such hard times! When will these end?"

(21)

That same evening [redacted] talked till [redacted] STAT

We commenced with my fourth brother who was killed in action against the Japanese, then my father who was "liquidated" by the Communists in the "mass movement", and ended with the two uncles, who died one after the other after being wounded by blows from clubs in the hands of the Communists. Having heard this series of sad, bloody stories, I could hardly sleep but simply closed my eyes. All of a sudden I saw a horde of Communists savagely breaking in, clubs in hand, who began to cut off my flesh with their knives. The pain caused me to shout: "Help, help!"

[redacted] Although I realized it [redacted] STAT  
was a bad dream, my heart was still beating.

On the following day (June 10) I requested "Comrade" Teng to give me permission to visit the village jail where my aunt was confined in a critical condition. The permission was granted on the understanding that I should not weep but keep complete silence when I met her. With the village "public safety officer" behind me, I came to the jail situated north of the street at the western end of the village. This was the primary school run by the Christian Mission where I received elementary education during my boyhood days. Twenty years had now elapsed and it was turned into a hell: The wall that used to separate the school from the cathedral was no longer seen, and the two buildings thus connected together were converted into a jail accommodating some 200 prisoners of both sexes and all ages, who were confined there on the allegation of

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being "landlords", "wicked oppressors", etc. The younger of them were bound up with ropes. Straw was spread on the floor to serve as bedding on which the "prisoners" slept in their clothes. The food for the "prisoners" was brought to them by members of their families. The jail was ventilated by only a few tiny windows. Since the "prisoners" had no opportunity to change their clothes, still less to take a bath, this made the air extremely foul, to the point of nausea. Holding his nose, this "public safety officer" pointed out to me one old lady who was crouching like a snail and moaning in one corner of the cell: "This is your aunt. You have seen her now. So you better leave!" I obeyed the order and left the jail with a groaning head.

In the middle of the courtyard stood a tower which, according to my recollection, was specially erected as a means of defence against local bandits. Although this tower was still in its original position, it served an entirely different purpose as the torture-room of the Communists. The upper floor was used as an office and the lower one as place of torture from whence usually emanated inhuman shrieks from the victims in the dead of night. Speaking of the tortures inflicted by the Communists, they were numerous and of varied nature, and could be compared to those primitive and cruel forms that people believed were practised in Hell. Of these the following methods were the most common:-

- (1) "Death by indiscriminate clubbing": The "criminal" was tied to a tree with his hands behind him, and was beaten to death by the Communists who freely used their clubs all over his body.

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(2) "The Happy Chair": The "criminal" was put on the top of a pile of tables stacked ~~on~~ high ~~on~~ scaffold when the stack was pulled down, the victim fell from the air and died of a broken skull.

(3) "Rolling the Lucky Barrel": The "criminal" was forced into a barrel with iron nails driven all through the sides. After the lid was closed the barrel was rolled about, the sharp points of the nails inflicting wounds all over the body, causing the victim to die slowly.

(4) "Playing the Humming Top": The "criminal" was tied with his limbs on a wooden cross, and a loose rope was wound round his neck, each end being held separately by a killer. As the rope was tightened, the victim gave a moaning sound as if he were going to expire, but he revived again when it was loosened. This double action was repeated until the Communists wanted him to die, when the rope was relaxed no more, and he died a slow death.

(5) "Raising and Hauling down the Flag": The victim was tied by his limbs to a stout rope and hauled up a flagstaff. On reaching the top the rope was abruptly let go, causing the victim to drop down with his limbs broken and his body mutilated.

(6) "Hocking the Mandarin Fish": The victim was tied to a stout rope and hauled up in the air with his head down, causing the body to swing to and fro like a fish swimming in the water. After a moment he turned into a living ghost with his eyes and tongue protruded out. He was left there for one or two days to die a slow death.

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- (7) "Steaming the Loaf": The "criminal" was wrapped up tightly in a piece of cotton quilt which had been soaked thoroughly in boiling water, while it was still steaming hot. More water was then poured over the roll, until the victim died of suffocation by steam.
- (8) "Drinking the Meat Soup": The "criminal" was pressed with his face down on the floor and forced to take human residue in liquid form. When he could swallow no more, he was lifted up and rocked about. This action was repeated every thirty minutes until the stuff came out of the mouth and rectum simultaneously. The victim then became senseless and thus expired.
- (9) "Throwing the Cotton Bag": The victim was sealed up in a bag, lifted up and thrown on the ground. This action was repeated until his body became mutilated with blood all over, and the victim fell senseless. He revived when cold water was poured over him. These actions were also repeated until he died.

Whenever labor was required for construction, farm or irrigation work, the village jails served as the supply base for the needed hands. Not only were the prisoners not paid for their work, but also they were required to provide their own food. They had to work as hard as they could as the price for "merit" to mitigate the "punishment for their crimes", or, at least, to reduce the extent of their "crimes"; otherwise the

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Communists on the allegation that a "breach of their increase-production program" had been committed, would beat or torture them, or send them to the district jail. Imbued with conservative ideas, the village folk in North China would prefer dying before the graves of their ancestors to moving one step away from their fatherland. Taking advantage of this weak point, the Communists could draw large numbers of slave laborers from the villages.

On occasions when the supply of slave laborers was less than the demand, the deficit would be met by arresting those "middle-class farmers" who had had some previous connections with the Nationalist Government, on various accusations, such as "Nationalist spy", etc., and turning them into slave laborers. To this method of arrest, those who had previously served the Communists formed no exception.

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The "Old Liberated Area" STAT

was nothing but a big slave labor camp, full of misery everywhere.

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## Chapter V

WESTERN AND SOUTHERN SHANTUNG BATHED IN BLOOD

The village code of etiquette requires one who has just returned from a long absence to make personal calls on all relatives and friends. I had to observe this unwritten law under whatever circumstances.

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1. Three Stages of the "Mass Movement"

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In carrying their program of "Mass Movement" (subsequently known as "Land Reform"), the Communists made the district as the unit, which worked through a "Mass Movement Committee" with the district magistrate and

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vice-magistrate as chairman and vice-chairman respectively, under the direct supervision of the "Military Area Special Commissioner's Office". As a preliminary stage of the "movement", they picked out the riff-raff of each village, organized them into teams and gave them Communist training, after which they were instructed to make secret investigations as to which of the villagers were to be classified under "benevolence", "wicked oppressor" or "second-class oppressor", and simultaneously to instigate the poor peasants to form themselves into "Farmers' Associations". Then, these "Associations" were to call for mass meetings at which the "benevolent deeds" of "Chairmen" like were recounted and praised, and the foul acts of the "reactionaries" were condemned. In a word, the Communists should deserve credit for all that was good, and what was bad should be attributed to the Nationalists. This having been done, when the teams were considered capable of handling the masses, the second stage followed. During this stage, the farmers were required to report to which of the various categories they belonged according to the classification of the Communists — "landlord", "rich farmer", "middle-class farmer", "poor farmer", "tenant-farmer" or "hired hand". The basis of the classification was worked out village by village, by striking an average obtained by dividing the total acreage of arable land by the total population; hence a great discrepancy would occur in the case of two villages separated only by a short distance. For instance, the standard holding for Yenan, 50 Chinese miles from Peking City was 4 Chinese

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acres by (or 240 "paces", the smallest unit of land measurement), whereas it was 5 for Peichan, 35 Chinese miles from Kaotang City, the two villages being only 10 Chinese miles apart. The holder of that standard acreage and over would be classified as a "landlord". As a matter of fact, the Communists had already mapped out before hand all the individual classifications; so all the red-tape that was necessary to go through, such as "individual report as to classification", "classification by democratic deliberations", etc., were simply a farce to cheat the public.

These rated as "landlords" might go on peacefully if they would hand over to the "Farmers' Association" that part of their holdings over and above the standard acreage, otherwise the Communists would come to "win them over by talking". In the latter case, should they be willing to confess their guilt to the "people" they would also be free from molestation. However, it was the Communist rule that one or two persons should be picked out as "landlord" or "wicked oppressors" to be tried at the mass gathering (which was known as a "public trial" in the area south of the River Yangtze) to be attended by all the innocent peasants. Such a gathering was usually the scene of a bloody affair, brutal in the extreme. The victim, tied up with ropes, was brought to the place of trial and made to kneel with his head down on the platform. A number of hirelings—the "people"—who were supposed to have suffered at the hands of the accused, would come forward from among the crowd below to voice their "grievances", saying that they had been "oppressed" or "maltreated" or "owed a bloody debt"—the terms employed uniformly throughout all such gatherings—and sometimes

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weeping and crying as they spoke. In such a way the Communists added life to this punch-and-judy show. At times, scarcely had these hooligans finished their roles than thunderous roars came from various corners: "Beat him up! Beat him up!" The victim was at once dragged down and indiscriminately beaten or kicked, while uttering wild shrieks of despair. The victim would be beaten to death on the spot should the assailants persist in their attacks. This brutal method was adopted as a means to warn others, and served as a prelude to the massacres that followed.

During the initial stage of the "movement" the Communists tried to assert their authority by killing one person as <sup>an</sup> example to others, and to keep the people's mouths shut. The "Special Commissioner's Office" would then issue secret directives to the <sup>underlings</sup> of all classes to stick to the following principles: "only on the poor farmers", "neutralize the middle-class farmers", "neutralize the rich farmers", "viscinate the landlords", "kill all wicked oppressors", "neutralize the second-class oppressors", "strengthen the organization of Farmers' Associations", "increase the supervision over 'staunch supporters'", and "disrupt inter-village communications". The Communists instituted a system of passes for inter-village travellers (to be issued jointly by the chairman of the "Farmers' Association" and captain of the village defense corps) with establishment of inspection posts at strategic points to be manned by ignorant lads. The village "public safety officers" (census officers) took census of each family every day — a secret means to exercise strict control — and all movements were disallowed. Frequent patrols were made by the village guards. The village was thus turned into a closed cage, from which nobody

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could come out. When the opportune moment came, the order was issued, and Communist "executives" in company with the village guards, self-defence corps, "public safety officers", etc., would flock into each family to look for their victims. The "landlords", "wicked oppressors", "second-class oppressors" (intellectuals), "profit-seekers from philanthropy" (usually persons who helped the poor freely) were herded away with their entire family to the village jail, there to await trial. As this was going on, the guards ransacked the house, to the extent of boring holes in the walls and pulling down the roof, and then cleared away all their spoils down to the last needle and thread. The victims were bound, hauled into the air, and beaten until they gave a full confession and handed over to "Chairman" Mao all title deeds to their property as well as the money and valuables in their possession. But the Communists, still suspicious that there were stores of grain buried underground and valuables hidden in relatives' bones, would continue beating until the victim died of multiple fractures and loss of blood.

The atrocious methods employed above would seem to be less cruel when we compare them with what follows below. On the market-day which occurred every five days, the various "Farmers' Associations" would escort their victims in a mass parade. The scene of such a parade was so appalling that my heart still pounds on recollecting what I have seen. All female victims were stripped of their clothing, and the male ones, with green hats on their heads (the symbol of having an unfaithful wife) and dog's fur on their bodies, were made to crawl and bark like a dog "to give a faithful confession" of their "crimes". The most derogatory methods were

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employed on such occasions. As soon as the parade was over, the victims were led to the "struggle meeting" where they were subjected to a further series of tortures by being beaten with bricks and tiles, or slashed with knives and ~~axes~~. The yells and shrieks of the victims could be heard miles away. One of the most brutal methods of torture the Communists encouraged their underlings to employ was to make the victim die a slow death, the most cruel form being this. This victim was tied to a horse or ox and pulled about. With wounds all over the body, the victim fell practically senseless and died slowly. As a matter of fact, none of the victims in a mass parade could survive the ordeal, and the number of deaths on each occasion varied between 30 and 300. Dead bodies were left in the open for three consecutive days, during which no relatives or friends would be allowed to take them away for burial. The village market place, stained with pools of blood and strewn with heaps of human bones, thus became deserted and turned into a graveyard overgrown with weeds. According to the villagers, on a dark, moonless night, or a windy and rainy evening, <sup>went</sup> they could hear the shrieking of wild spirits giving <sub>vent</sub> to their grievances. Oh, what a hell!

The massacres carried out by the Communists were not confined to the villages alone, but were executed in the cities, large and small, in a similar, if not more vigorous manner. Here is a description of how this urban type of massacre was carried out: A mob headed by Communist "executives" and village partisans with men of the "self defence corps" and "representatives of the poor farmers", carrying poles and baskets, flocked

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towards the city and stopped at shops and factories designated by the Communists before hand. They tied the proprietors with ropes, hauled them up towards the ceiling, beat them ruthlessly and demanded ransom, in cash or in kind. Although all the owners had was turned over, the Communists were not satisfied and continued to torture them because they were still suspicious that some grain had been hidden underground and valuables concealed in the homes of relatives and friends. Many died of the torture, and the dead bodies were buried in the ground on which their shops and factories used to stand. All the goods and machinery were cleared away as spoils, and not a fraction of their personal belongings was left behind.

Structures necessary for the arteries of communication were not spared destruction by the Communists. For instance, along the Tientsin-Pukow Railway which runs from Tsangchow, Hopei Province, in the north and to Pukow, Kiangsu Province, in the south, with the exception of those attached to the three stations — Hauchow, Tuyeng, and Tsining — all the station buildings, warehouses, platforms, etc. were demolished, their original sites turned into pools, rails bent and taken away to be hidden underground in villages miles away, and railroad tracks levelled and converted into ditches. A modern and up-to-date city was thus isolated like a primitive village. This condition prevailed at least from 1945 through 1948.

Since the Communists have gone through two out of the three stages in which they bloodily carry out their "Mass Movement" program, we should realize that they are nothing but liars and what they have told us are merely lies. We should bear in mind that the Communists

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have no scruples about resorting to any means in order to attain a certain end. The first two stages were brutal enough, but the final one was really what they were driving at — under the fair-sounding term, "Voluntary enlistment in the armed services". "Everything is for armed services enlistment", as the Communist saying goes.

Scarcely had the tide of massacres subsided, the blood of the "landlords" and "wicked oppressors" dried and the "poor farmers" started to enjoy the spoils of their confiscations, when the Communists commenced their vigorous drive for "voluntary enlistment". A black list of those earmarked for enlistment was drawn up by the Communist "executives" and the "Farmer's Association", and the "staunch supporters" were told to "take the lead" and "make suggestions". In a pompous manner, amid the sound of gongs and drums, the "Armed Service Enlistment" meeting commenced. In the opening speech, the chairman of the "Farmer's Association" yelled, "Thanks to the benevolence of 'Chairman' Mao, everyone of us has some land to cultivate, a house to live in, and rice to eat, and is leading a comfortable life. We must not forget that armed men of the reactionary elements are always working for our destruction, and that the slave soldiers (Nationalist army) are ever ready to snatch our fruits of victory. 'Chairman' Mao now wants us to fight, and it behoves us to give ready response to his appeal. We should enlist in the armed services out of our own free-will."

No sooner had the chairman concluded his speech than the "staunch supporters", in accordance with a premeditated plan, raised their hands yelling: "I will be the first to enrol!", followed by a stampede

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for enrollment by some of them who shouted: "Bravo, X. Congratulations on your enlisting!" At the same time, similar cheers came from among the spectators. Those already black-listed were certain to disappear from their homes quietly within three days, should they refuse to enroll in the first instance, then procrastinate, and finally hesitate in registering, so as to be considered as "backward" and "ignorant of the situation". The families of these unfortunate men dared not let others know the sad story, and, when being asked, would simply give the clever reply: "X has left home", otherwise they would be accused of "spreadin' rumors by Nationalist spy" and ~~thus~~ endanger their lives.

The village Communist partisans, erstwhile drags of society, would naturally abuse their powers after assuming positions of authority, and fish in troubled waters. "Errors" of a serious nature were bound to be committed by these men. Taking advantage of this, the Communist "executives" would proceed secretly with the selection of a second lot to take their place, by making a "united front" with the "poor farmers" to isolate the bullies and to put them to the "struggle" for their foul actions. In face of facts, these ex-followers could do nothing but acknowledge their guilt at the mass meeting, at which the villagers would spontaneously rise up in order to beat these devils to death; but in the nick of time, the principal Communist "executive" would step forward to save the situation by stating: "Comrades! In the past these men have served the people, but through their 'false thoughts' they have unwittingly transgressed the principles of human sentiments!"

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Although they have done nothing worthy of merit, they have yet exerted some efforts. I pray that you will pardon them, give them a chance to enroll voluntarily in the armed services, and to continue their training." The prisoners would then realize that to enroll was their only chance of preserving their lives, otherwise they would receive the same treatment as they had accorded to others. In this clever way, one lot of ex-partisans would succeed another, and be enrolled in the armed services, like the never-ending rolling waves. The manner in which "poor farmers" "voluntarily enlisted" was somewhat similar to that of the "village partisans". "Voluntary enlistment for armed services", "voluntary registration for stretcher-bearers", and "voluntary enrollment for local militia" meetings became the order of the day. From the "village militia", the registrant climbed up, step by step, to the "section defence corps", "district defence corps", and finally to the "field army", only to serve as cannon-fodder at the front. Men of the four categories, once gone, would never return.

No sooner had the victorious "poor farmers" and well-fed "village partisans" finished smiling over the fruits of their victory than their hearts were pulled out by the devil's bloody hand, and they themselves led away by their nose, with shackled bodies to their graves. It was already too late to repent them.

In the wake of the massacres staged by the Communists in carrying on their "Mass Movement" in the villages, the slaughter of the shop and factory proprietors in the cities, and the enlistment in the armed services campaign, there came a vast calamity brought about by the Communists, which decimated Southern and Western Shantung and reduced the population by one-

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third as compared with that before the "Movement". To prove the authenticity of this statement let us take the case of Pingyuan, the "model district", as an example. According to the statistics published by the Shantung Provincial Government in the "Republican Daily News", the district was composed of nine sections with 880 villages and a total population of 1,010,000. However, according to the statement of Huo Chih-yuan, "Chief of Civil Affairs Department of Pingyuan District" made before the meeting of the "people's representatives of Pingyuan District" as published in the "Chinan Daily News" (1949) (Head office at Nankung District, Hopei Province) of March this year, of the total population of that district — 712,000 — 127,000 were old men (age over 40), 35,600 were young men (age 16 to 40), 117,000 were boys (age under 16), 158,000 were old women (age over 40), 134,400 were young women (age 16 to 40), 138,000 were girls (age under 16). Several appalling facts could be deduced by a study of the latter figures: there were more females than males, more old men than boys, more boys than young men; the great number of the old women and the small number of young men were very conspicuous; the ratio of young men to young women was 1 to 4. The population was reduced by over 300,000, or over 30 per cent, as compared with that before the "Mass Movement" for that district alone, showing the extent of the calamity unheard of before in human history. The Communist Party is the Murderers' Party, and Chia Teh and Mao Tse-tung are executioners!

While the "Mass Movement" was going on, not only were the arable lands "communized", but also the women. In many places in northern and western Shantung, e.g., Chienkouchen (Hsiaotsin District), Hsinwuchu (Yicheng

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District), Yaochan (Pingyuan District), the "Communization" of women took place under the fair-sounding name of "Trial Wedding" in the following manner. Taking the village as the unit, men and women between 16 and 50 were gathered together to draw lots for re-arrangement of their weddings. The results were most ridiculous: young girls had old men as their counterparts, boys had old women; brother matched to sister, father to daughter, father-in-law to daughter-in-law, etc. This unethical way caused immense uproar and universal anger. So strong was the opposition that the Communists had to appease the people by withdrawing those responsible on the pretext that they had "unwittingly sinned". Female members of "families persecuted" or "abandoned families" were forcibly allotted to meritorious Communists as their wives, and this form of compulsory marriage was quite common all over the occupied areas.

#### Why Should the Younger Generation Suffer?

The attention of the Communists was focussed on the children, whom they took to be the correct type of citizen according to their own standard. Wherever their jurisdiction extended, they at once proceeded with the organization of children for training in their own way — those between the ages of 6 and 12 into childrens' corps, and those between 12 and 16 into youths' corps. Each child was given certain duties, such as watching the actions and speech of his or her parents. It was no wonder to find in the "Old Liberated Area" parents who did their best to prevent their children from knowing when they wished to talk on the situation or

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to get something palatable to eat, lest their beloved ones whom they took so much care and trouble to bring up, might make a report to the "Farmer's Association" and they thus get into trouble. Taking advantage of the simplicity of the young mind, the Communists placed more important functions in the hands of the children. For instance, most of the sentry posts at strategic points along the village or city boundaries were manned by children who had not yet reached the age of puberty. Farmers, who should disregard the orders given by these little devils on account of their age, would be summarily arrested and put in jail once the whistle was blown.

Under the accusation of being "wicked oppressors", or "second-class oppressors", most of the intelligentsia under the former régime had been put to death, and very few of them managed to escape outside. Of the minority that remained, many turned over to the Communists, who required them to undergo intensive indoctrination, after which, when the Communists were satisfied that their conceptions had undergone "thorough reformation" and had fallen "in line with the people's stand", they could be exempted from such despicable classifications and assume the status of the ordinary citizen. They could then be free to "work with their brain" in the village primary school, only to teach natural sciences, while the more important subjects as well as the higher positions were monopolized by members of the "New Democratic Youth League", who wore the distinguishable red tie around their necks. Incidentally, we mention the case of one [redacted] principal of the [redacted] village primary school [redacted] At the STAT young age of 16, he had already run that school for 4 years, while his

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grey-haired father [redacted] worked under him as a teacher. The explanation of this strange phenomenon was to be found in the fact that this little fellow, at the age of 12, reported that his father was a "reactionary element". The father confessed to being a member of the Kuomintang. So the Communists made the son captain of the village youths' corps, then placed him in concurrent charge of the school, and put the father to "study" under the son. The first chapter of the Communist text-book contains the following passages: "Long live Generalissimo Stalin! Long live Chairman Mao! Love not your father, nor your mother, but the Communist Party!" Now that the "old Liberated Area" had been 14 years under Communist rule, not a child under 16 therein would know the name of President Chiang. All they know is "Chairman" Mao. As years go by, the term "Republic of China" would be obliterated from the memory of the younger generation. For the sake of our country and race, how lamentable!

The Communists' considered opinion regarding persons over 16 years of age is that they are so imbued with unrevolutionary conceptions — "feudalistic", "reactionary" and "imperialistic" — that it is impossible to expect an "entire reformation" of them even by a process of intensive indoctrination. With this conception in their minds, they have followed their bandit ancestor, Chang Hsien-tung, in adopting a policy of extinction towards people over their age bar, but, in actual practice, they even surpassed him in the dexterity with which they tried to exterminate these people, by killing them, as the Chinese say, with others' knives. (Chang Hsien-tung, otherwise known as Chang Tsu-cheng, was a roving bandit chief previous to the ascendancy of the Manchus, who was notorious for his wanton

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slaughter of the Chinese by the millions to satiate his bloody desire.) The Communists used the hot-headed ignorant masses as cat's paw to kill their adversaries by staging bloody "a rug le"; they slaughtered a great number of young people, publicly or secretly, in the name of "suppression of anti-revolutionary elements"; they sent thousands and thousands of youths, by making them "voluntarily enlisted in the armed services", to be slaughtered en masse and serve as cannon-fodder at the front. Then they cunningly shifted the blame to others, and accused the "American Imperialist reactionaries" of being inhuman beyond description, which qualification should correctly apply to themselves.

The various "voluntary enlistments" made necessary by the "Kiaotung", "Tsinan", "Huaihai", "Kiangnan" and "Anti-America -Aid-Korea" campaigns had their immediate effect in the almost complete obliteration of the younger set in the "Old Liberated Area". At this writing, there remain scarcely ten young men in each village, by far the great majority of them having ceased to exist as the result of the steps taken by the Communists. The few that can still be seen in the villages must be Communist "executives". What a great calamity to our younger generation! What a tragedy indeed! I now proceed to give some undisputable facts to prove my statements. Let us travel on the Tientsin-Pukow Railroad which runs from Tsanghsien in the north to Pukow in the south, passing the more important stations of Tsinan, Hsuchow and Pengpu en route. Along the entire line of dilapidated villages we saw on the platforms beggars with dirty faces and uncombed hair and hawkers hardly able to make their clients understand by their faint cries what they were peddling, and

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humble peasants working in the field. Most of the population consisted of small sickly-looking children, young widows with sorrowful faces, stooped old men or grey-haired old women. At times we met a crippled "soldier with honor", but hardly one single able-bodied youth, except the fierce-looking and arrogant young Communist "executive."

"Mutual Aid Teams" Degenerated into "Stupid Teams";

As the aftermath of the bloody "Mass Movement", the large landowners in whose hands there was an excess of grain over their actual needs ceased to exist, and their holdings were confiscated; the working capacity of the younger set and of the "poor farmers" was considerably reduced by the departure of many for "voluntary military services"; essentials for production such as cattle, carts, ploughs, etc., were scattered about and became unserviceable through wear and tear. Consequently once fertile farms became waste land, and market towns which formerly fulfilled functions of "inter-exchange between cities and villages" became dead villages. The Communists still persisted in more "voluntary enlistments". To counteract the Communist method of taking the "working power" of each family unit as the standard the villagers had cleverly adopted "guerrilla war tactics" by splitting up the family — the husband living away from the wife, the father from the son, brothers in separate establishments — to divert their attention. Therefore in none of the more than ten districts in western and northern Shantung can we now find a big family consisting of five generations. This form of disintegration of the family accelerated the breaking up of the rural economy and reduced the productive power

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(including labor and implements of production). Those left to attend the farms were the young and the feeble, who with their weak arms and tired legs, tilled the land sluggishly with wooden sticks and scraps of iron, as their ancestors had in primitive times.

Deterioration at once set in and put agriculture back to the state it was in a thousand years ago. Realizing the imperative need for reform, the Communists sought the technical advice of their Soviet elder brothers. They sent an advisor to study the question, and advocated the adoption of the Stonov movement, which took place after the Soviet October Revolution. With servile obedience, the Communists applied the Soviet theories to the situation then existing; of the introduction of what they called the "Mutual Aid Team" plan, which was given the widest publicity in the "Chinan Daily News" (as if it were going to have immediate and far-reaching effects), in the hope that the people would respond by sponsoring the "production competition" and "production challenge" movements. According to the plan, a "mutual aid team" consisted of ten families, each team to be headed by one of the "staunch supporter" type. The Communists were not aware that irresponsibility, procrastination and sluggishness were the inherent weaknesses of the farming class and could not be rectified either by brutal force or by "revolution". To quote a Chinese proverb: "If one monk is told to carry water, he will bring back two buckets at a time; if two monks were put to this job, they would bring back one bucket; finally, if three monks were put to the same job, none of them would care to bring back any water". The "Mutual Aid Team" movement was eventually

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put into operation. On the first night, the members discussed the order of their arrangement, the length of time to be devoted to such work, and the place where meetings were to be held. On the next morning the captain of the team called the members to the meeting. C did not arrive when A and B were there; when C turned up B had to go home; when B returned A absented himself. Much time was wasted in this manner, and when all the members were present, it was already 11 a.m. No sooner had they spent half an hour in cutting away the grass than they had to return home for tiffin. Day after day, month after month, not a piece of land had been thoroughly tilled and the fields were overgrown with weeds. Western and northern Shantung was thus turned into a big natural prairie good only for raising cattle, and the once rich fields were converted into a Mongolian meadow. Even the seeds already sown in such unproductive lands had been wasted, and so any increase in production was out of the question. As a silent protest to this Soviet imported "Mutual Aid Team" system (Hu Chu Tsu), the villagers nicknamed it the "Hu Tu Tsu" meaning "Stupid Team".

Close upon the heels of the calamities brought about by the "Stupid Team" plan came a series of Communist impositions and requisitions under various names such as "spring advance levy", "summer wheat requisition", "autumn grain requisition", "winter average levy", etc. (designed to exercise control over the diet of the people as they did with the cattle on fodder), which brought further disasters. Added to all these calamities, there was a dearth of snow the previous winter and lack of heavy rains in

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the following spring, so that the soil became as dry as cracked stone and all sprouts withered when the sowing season came in March. To prevent the drought that was about to come, the Communists introduced a movement whereby one well was to be dug for every Chinese acre of land and peasants of the "staunch supporter" type were instructed to take the lead. Having gained enough experience from the massacres that followed the "Mass Movement", the villagers gave a very cold reception to this plan by adopting a policy of procrastination, with the result that, instead of proper wells, holes of various sizes and depths could be found everywhere, thus spoiling not only the good looks but also the set-up of the fields. At places along the river (such as Machiaho, Pingyuan District) and near the channel (such as Chaowangcha, Yucheng District), the "staunch supporters", led by Communist "executives", tried to avert the calamity by blocking the waterway or breaking up the channel to let the water in, but as the water level was already too low, their efforts proved of no avail. Not only was no improvement made in the situation, but also considerable damage was caused to the waterways to which subsequent inundations were attributable. The Communists began to lose patience and placed their blame on the God of Heaven, against whom the various "Farmers' Associations" were instructed to stage "struggles", accusing Him of being "feudalistic" also. Chuahutun, Pingyuan District, and Peichen, Kaotang District, were the places where such "struggles" were staged. Under the Communist jurisdiction, even the God of Heaven was not spared from molestation. This tends to substantiate our statement that the atrocities

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of the Communists have no parallel in history. Of the many families in northern and western Shantung, few had enough food to last another day, or a place where they could raise a loan. Hunger-stricken people, children crying for food, women in tears, and old persons moaning with illness could be seen everywhere. What a sad picture indeed!

Leanin<sub>g</sub> to Soviet Russia a Primary Need

The disasters as described above had assumed such serious proportions that the Communists became afraid lest their authority over the villages which they had not consolidated might be affected. Systematically they cried out their newly-invented slogan: "Avert the disaster by all means", and put it into effect. In line with their usual methods of hiding their true purpose in the names, their new plan was not to give relief to their needy subjects by returning rotten grain from their granaries, nor by the usual method of measures with their artificially name "self-relief by production" and "work in lieu of relief". The first measure was nothing more than the photostat of what was done by our King of Agriculture 4000 years ago, viz., to persuade the people to eat leaves, roots and earth, means already resorted to by the people themselves. In order that these treasures of the universe might be "equally divided" and not usurped by those with bigger "labor power", the Communists took the trouble to divide up the various places of production for allotment to the people. Should the limited supply of these treasures be exhausted, then the second measure, "work in lieu of relief", a corollary to the first one, "self-relief by production", would apply. The former served simply for propaganda purposes, while the latter

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... the real motive of the Communists, a poisonous drug coated with sugar. I should like to lay special emphasis on this point and wish to draw the attention of the peace-loving people of the Free World thereto. Under this fair-sounding name, the Communist "executives" praised "Chairman" Mao for his godly benevolence, saying that he was very much concerned with the calamities befallen the people; and then suggested that the sufferers should go to look for farm work elsewhere. A number of able-bodied young men would thus be enticed to enlist voluntarily in the "farm labor corps", and after being classified by the district "executives" according to their "labor power", would be put in cattle-vans and sent, under cover of darkness, to the front lines as stretcher-bearers, to serve as cannon-fodder, or to Siberia via Manchuria as oxen and horses for their Soviet elder brothers, or to Eastern Europe via Chinese Turkestan as hard-laborers for their "brother countries"; In the face of starvation, these poor sufferers had no alternative but to entrust everything to God. In this manner over 100,000 sufferers had been sent to Soviet Russia and Eastern Europe to serve as slave-laborers!

Under orders from their Soviet masters and with a view to "liberating the whole world", the Communists sponsored a movement for the cultivation of cotton and peanuts. Each family was required to allot at least one Chinese acre for the cultivation of cotton and two Chinese acres for peanuts. So much importance was paid to this matter that Communists of all ranks from the magistrate down to the last "executive" would proceed to the villages to see that the instructions were carried out, and all

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"executives" of the district as well as members of associations and students were mobilized to assist the farmers in sowing the seeds.

It was interesting indeed that the seeds issued by the Communist Government to the farmers were imported from the United States, especially the cotton seeds.

For the past several years the wheat harvest had fallen below par, due to the calamities, natural and artificial, as described above.

In Peichan, Kaotang District, the highest output per Chinese acre was only 70 catties. After deduction of 30 catties as tax and payment of other levies, there remained hardly 30 catties for the farmer, a greater part of whose labor for the year had thus been absorbed by the Communists. To meet their dire needs before the harvest time, many farmers had to cut the stalks off before the grains were ripe, but they would have difficulty in paying up their taxes afterwards. In carrying out their policy of exaction, the Communists unduly boosted up the basic scale of their taxes and applied the most derogatory forms of punishment to those whose taxes fell in arrears, by making them wear a "lousy hat" on their heads and a black band on their arms as if they were in mourning. After punishment, they had still to pay up the arrears in the next harvest season, plus a fine for deferred payment calculated at a rate many more times than that usually charged by the old-styled usurer. Once in arrears, the poor farmers could never extricate themselves from their indebtedness. So they lived as a "lousy bone" and died as a "delinquent ghost".

In the spring of every year, the stocks of grain turned in by the various districts were delivered at regular intervals to designated

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stations on the Tientsin-Pukow Railroad by the "Farmers' Associations" under orders from the Communists. Every station on the line, large or small, was filled with stacks of wheat, within a net-work of barbed wire, interspersed with machine-gun nests and sentry posts. These places were inaccessible except under special passes, and the transgressor faced the danger of being shot on the spot as a "Nationalist spy" or an "unruly element". These stacks, the blood and sweat of the masses, were removed away after several days to be transported to Soviet Russia via Manchuria. Until the mainland is recovered, the 450 million Chinese will have to serve Soviet Russia like cattle.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* I ESCAPED FROM THE NAZI'S \*  
\* CONCENTRATION CAMP \*  
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## I ESCAPED FROM MAO TZE-TUNG'S CONCENTRATION CAMP.

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## Chapter II.

I WAS CAUGHT IN THE TRAP OF THE REDS

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STATI Was Thus Arrested.

As pre-arranged, on a morning in September, my travelling companions and I quickly gathered at my house. Prior to our setting out, we made use of the short time to hold a final meeting. Our topic of discussion was about how to cope with the searching.

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After a brief consultation, we then decided to set out in different directions: some went by boat on the Whangpoo River, some went by bus from the Bund, and some by train at Tien-tung An Road. But we all should get to Woosung Bay before twelve noon and gather together at

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black market broker. Eventually we discovered that many of those brokers were Communist spies under mask and one of the spy centers of the Communist "Social Affairs Department".

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Thus, the [redacted]

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building became a trap where numberless patriots who had been misled, were arrested.

After arriving [redacted] I then negotiated with the cruel woman about our business. She led us to a small room in a neighbouring hotel, and told us to wait for examination. At this time, there was a loafer standing by the door. I began to have suspicions because when

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[redacted] hen we got there, he all of a sudden retracted his promise and said, "It'll be a loose examination, a routine, that's all". After saying this, he turned and disappeared.

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The room was full of luggage and crowded with my own travelling companions as well as many others. All in the room looked serious and breathed hard as they gazed at the door. Some people whispered in each other's ears but were warned by others who gestured toward the loafer standing outside the door [redacted]

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[redacted] the loafer, at the door shouted abruptly, "You're not allowed to come out; do it in the room!" At this moment, I suddenly realized that we were in danger and were already under surveillance.

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Terror reigned in everybody's heart. After impatiently waiting till two o'clock in the afternoon, we saw two young secret service men coming in; one dressed like a student and the other like a workman. They wanted us to show them our identification cards. Twice, those who were suspected were pulled out for questioning. When it came to the third series, [redacted] because

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of his stubbornness, was pulled out by force. We then became more frightened. For the fourth series, it was an individual examination. They pulled me to a small room, where two spies were waiting. I sat there and smoked a cigarette pretending to be undisturbed. The one who searched me was a scabby-headed man. First he took away my cigarette and found nothing in it. He then threw it on the ground. Again he tore my match case, and found between the two layers of the bottom, the photostat of my teaching contract [redacted]

[redacted] This made him angry and he roared, "Your outside appearance seems to be honest. I really don't suspect you are an experienced Nationalist spy!" I at once protested, "Who is a Nationalist spy? Comrade, don't pin that on a good man!" "Shut up!" he growled, "You're not allowed to speak or move." Then he snatched my cigarette case and searched it but found nothing. This made him greatly disappointed. He threw it on the floor and stamped on it fiercely, and then continued to search me; he tore apart the collar of my blue overcoat, its two shoulders, the two pockets and cuffs of my pants, and finally took off my shoes and shook them several times. When he found that he had not discovered anything, he shouted angrily, "Follow me!" I stood there and did not move. "Where?" I asked. The other spy answered for him, "Just to ask you a few words, it doesn't matter. You see Mr. Wei came out so quick after questioning!"

I understood that I was caught in their trap and that it was impossible for me not to go; so I followed them and went out without hesitation. After crossing a vegetable garden, we came to a disreputable yard surrounded by broken walls and fences. On the wall above the gate were written four faded characters, "Heng Tai Fish Company". Nobody would suspect that this was another Communist secret service station. I saw a man patrolling and occasionally scratching his head. He squinted at my captor who then raised his hand to touch his mouth. This seemed to be a signal for us to go into

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the gate. The wall was lined with barbed wire. As we entered I saw a two-storied building in the yard. The scabby-headed fellow then took me to a bungalow west of the main building. He knocked three times at the door. The door opened and a cross-eyed man holding a gun came out. He all of a sudden pulled me in and closed the door with the command, "Raise your hands and stand there in the corner!" I was thus arrested.

In a narrow room without windows, I could see nothing but blackness when I first went in. After a while my sight returned and I could make out a fierce husky man with dark skin sitting <sup>a table</sup> by/in the middle of the room.

The cross-eyed man stood on guard behind the door. There were some fifty "criminals" in this small room. Some were squatting on the ground with shackles on their feet; some were sitting on benches, with hands handcuffed behind them or in front; and some like me were standing in the corners of the room. Some "criminals" drooped their heads and spoke nothing, some were sighing and moaning, some were groaning in bitterness, while others were weeping and begging for mercy to have their handcuffs loosened to relieve the intolerable pain. " - - - ", scolded the husky fellow, "You rebellious spy, if you murmur again, I'll beat you to death!"

My First Incessant Trial.

"Come out, ██████████" cried a secret service man who came to our STAT prison-room that mid-night. I followed him upstairs to an office. There were several men already there waiting for me. They were dressed in various styles: some in European clothes, some in "People's suits", some were workmen's octangular hats, some were dressed like servants, and some even looked like beggars. They were all Communist murderers. Before I met the Communists, I thought they were crook-nosed, squint-eyed and bloodthirsty, with cruel faces like rascals, vagabonds, or loafers. I really did not expect that

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they were a group of devils of different occupations!

They ordered me to sit in front of the table, while some of them either sat or stood round about it. There were also some who sat on the table.

A middle-aged man wearing a fur hat stared at me with his head like a leopard, his eyes bulging like a toad's, then suddenly thrust forward and barked,

[redacted] you better confess quickly. [redacted]

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— Afterwards, when I was sent to Chin-peh Primary School, the concentration camp, I found out from my fellow sufferers that this interrogator was called Tung Tze-liang, an old Communist staff member, the head of the "Department of Social Affairs" in the district of Woosung ~~SHR~~. I gave him my confession which I had prepared in anticipation. The man slammed the table and shouted, "Nonsense, you want to cheat with your false statement!" Yet I did not care how he growled; I only answered him with the same statements.

The judges questioned me in quick succession. I had to answer each without a moment to think. Finally Tung Tze-liang stood up and said, "Confess quickly, otherwise we'll put you to the torture!" A pair of handcuffs were placed before me. I disregarded them and decided that no matter what they did to me, I would stick to my own statements. Some five or six of them questioned me incessantly, and I denied all. At last they became impatient, and then handcuffed me. The more I stuck to my own story, the tighter they applied the handcuffs. The holes of the American-made handcuffs became smaller and smaller, and my wrists were constricted more and more, until my hands became paralyzed and swollen enormously. It was so painful that I could scarcely stand. I gritted my teeth and refused to answer. They then looked at one another and could do nothing more to me.

I looked sidewise at the record they wrote concerning my statements. I could see figures like circles, points, triangles, exclamatory and question

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marks. Among all the signs, I could see more question marks than anything else; and I, although not knowing what they meant, knew that they could not get any satisfaction from me. They would not let me go of course. After a few minutes' silence, Fung Tze-liang gave orders to a young man saying, "Check over his ear again!"

Two young men, panting, carried in my trunk and put it on the table. It was opened revealing the disorder within. I knew that they had ransacked my trunk many times, yet they had not found any things which could be considered "contraband goods", otherwise they would have placed them as evidence before me to make me confess. They looked over the things in the trunk carefully. They tore apart all my clothes which had two layers and also cut some of my clothes with a knife whenever they found that they could not tear them open. A pair of socks which had double soles was going to be put aside, but the two young fellows suspected them and tried to pinch them with their fingers. Right at this moment, my heart suddenly throbbed, and my face flushed. I was sure that my case was lost.

"What's this?" cried one of the young men who hopped like a bird with delight and at the same time cut the soles with a knife. From within the soles he took out several letters of recommendation [redacted]

[redacted] The letter said STAT  
nothing about politics but only recommended me for a job. [redacted] STAT

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[redacted] They  
whipped me with a rubber rope, and would not stop whipping although my skin became blue and my face swollen. Finally, when I could not stand anymore,

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At noon the next day, a young spy came and announced, "Those who want to eat can buy food with money." "What shall I do?" I retorted, "I have no money." "No money," he said, "you'll have to die of hunger!" Fortunately one of my fellow sufferers who came to the jail before me reminded me that I could trade my luggage for food. Then I asked the spy to do as my friend had suggested.

When a scholar, especially a high-grade intellectual, was arrested, it would not be as easy for him as for a military man who could readily surrender himself by simply raising his hands. The next day, in the morning, another young man, came looking for me with some sheets of paper and ordered me to write my autobiography on them. The way he told me to write was not in the fashion of a novel or fiction, but to write abuse of my ancestors starting from three generations back up to myself, and the worse I wrote about them and myself, the better it would be. It would be even better to say that one's ancestors were bandits and prostitutes, and oneself was a "Nationalist spy", or a "Scoundrel". About oneself, he should write his own history from the age of twelve up to the present date. The terminal dates of one's occupations and education should match. Everything should be perfect, clear, and in detail. The most important things were the names of friends I used to know. When and where I met them should also be so stated that there would be no contradictions. In a word, everything, from the beginning to the end should be described as it actually was.

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Three days after I finished my autobiography, I had to fill in a form like a curriculum vitae. The form was very simple, so simple that I had only to fill in the dates of entering and leaving school and employment. At first I thought it was something of no use, not knowing that it was of the utmost importance. They would check the dates in the form with those in my confession and autobiography to see whether they were consistent or not.

Three days later, at midnight, they took me out again for questioning. With drowsy eyes, I had to repeat my life story all over again. They tried to find out the contradictions in my words and study them carefully. After I had finished my story, they then asked me questions incessantly. Some of them reminded me of the mistakes I had made in my statements, while others tempted me to make further contradictions.

When I found out that they could not squeeze any new evidence from me, that Mr. Wei had been allowed with his friends to go to Chusan, that they did not seem to consider <sup>me</sup> incriminated by the letters of recommendation, I began to get more and more persistent. They slammed the table, and I stamped my feet. They whipped me with the rubber rope, and I shouted and scolded them. Tung Tse-liang was so angry that he gnashed his teeth and jumped to his feet with his blood vessels distended. It was obvious that my stubborn arguments were contrary to his expectations. As night wore on, he became more and more wrothful and ferocious. His pretended kindness came to an end; he used more and more abusive words and finally beat me with his hands. This lasted till the next morning, when the trial was then adjourned.

In the evening of the fourth day, I was called out again. This time they were so cruel that they did not take me directly to the trial room. They pulled me to the room next to it. They ordered me to stand facing the

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newly painted wall of the small room with head erect, neck straight, eyes looking forward, mouth tightly shut, arms stretched out level, and legs standing firmly like a soldier at attention. I was not allowed to make the slightest movement, and after half an hour, I began to feel that my arms and legs were like a thousand catties of stone fastened to my body. After another while, every bone and every joint in my body gave me the greatest pain; my head became dizzy, my eyes saw sparks. The room seemed to turn upside down. I could not stand any more, yet I had to endure it until I fell to the ground.

At times, screaming, cursing, and maupital crying were heard coming from the next room. This meant that people there were being frightened and tortured.

At midnight, it was again my turn to undergo trial. I made an effort to walk into the room. One's anger rises at the sight of his enemy. Tung Tae-liang, who was no exception, immediately showed his furious face when he saw me. "Jen Shan-hatch," he said, "this time you better tell the truth, otherwise, we can make you confess. We have met people more stubborn than you, yet we finally subjugated them. So, you understand." "What do you want me to confess?" I replied with my same old tone. Tung Tae-liang slammed the table and cried with his finger pointing at me, "Now let's question you, if you don't confess!"

"Concerning these, I know nothing," I told them when they asked me a lot of strange questions about things I had never heard of before. "Tell us quickly, else I'll use instruments again!" shouted Tung.

"I have already confessed all that I have done in the past, and I cannot tell you what I don't know," were the same old words I told them; "Besides, I cannot cheat you by telling you falsehoods. Please don't delay any more. If you want to shoot me, go ahead and do it fast!"

So far for nine days, they had not used any instruments to put me to torture except whipping me and tightening my handcuffs. Every night

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the trial was the same: threatening me, tempting me to reveal my confession, and trying to make me submit by keeping me sleepless, yet they failed.

Outside the jail stood a solitary pine tree standing.  
Whenever there came a storm, her trunk stood rooted even more firmly. I had never seen her bending her trunk or lowering her head in submission to, or compromise with her unfavorable surroundings! Whenever I passed by, her unconquerable courage made me respect her. So I took this as the most important lesson that I could learn.

Outside the glossy iron bars,  
Stood erect a little pine,  
A wind-storm,  
Shakes her trunk.  
She protests,  
Struggles,  
Fights.  
She wins  
Raises her head upward,  
Thrusts her trunk forward,  
And with her roots firm  
Hercifully stands there!

One night, in the middle of October, as a current of cold wind was blowing across the roof and cold rain drops began to fall, at that moment, those secret service men once more woke me up from my dream and pulled me outside the door. This time we did not go upstairs. "Come along!" said one of the men.

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## Chapter III.

## A HELL FOR HUMAN BEINGS - "WOODSUNG BAR SUB-STATION".

The Entrance in the Trial Room.

A chill wind was blowing; rain began to patter on the ground. Dripping rain drops like arrows penetrated my heart. In the darkness of a long and lonely night, several of us were walking with dragging steps along the street. The street-lights, like stars high above, were watching the night. After winding our way through streets and lanes, we saw a truck parked in front of an iron gate, with men and women, old and young, mounting the car. Among the crowd was a middle-aged woman with dishevelled hair crying and shouting, "Don't take me away, my child needs milk, he'll be starved!" A beast-like soldier struck her hips with the handle of his gun. " - - - ", he roared, "If you don't get on the car, I'll beat you to death!" The soldiers on the truck were pulling her up, while those on the ground were pushing her. She finally was taken into the truck. I thought I had to go on the truck too, but they led me into the gate. [REDACTED]

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The secret service men took me into a room. They handed in a slip with my name [REDACTED] A tall and husky soldier took the slip and said, "Mr. Fang, the sectional head, is not in." While saying so, he wrote a receipt. After getting the receipt, they just went away without even turning their heads.

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The tall and husky fellow then searched me and ordered me to take off my long blue gown, trousers, shoe-laces, watch, fountain-pen, glasses, and at the same time to give him my diary and handkerchief. I was angry but restrained my impatience and let him do what he would like to me and take what he would. I was soon in trouble. It was all right to wear a pair of shoes without shoe-

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laces, yet I could not walk without a belt to fasten my trousers. I had to hold my trousers with my hand, else they were liable to fall.

My hands were handcuffed behind me and I was locked in the iron bars. This iron cage was about four feet high, four feet long, and two feet wide. With one side against the wall, the other three sides of the cage were of iron bars. Inside the cage were already five persons with shackles on. It was so fully loaded that I had to force myself in. Six of us were in the same cage and we could not make the slightest move. As we could not stand up or sit down, we had to squat with our backs against the wall. Gradually, we were benumbed; our hands began to lose sense of touch. Then our bodies could not stand any more and finally we were all there paralyzed and collapsed.

In the morning of the second day, a middle-sized man came in. The tall and husky man pointed at me in the iron cage and said, "Comrade Fang, this man was sent here last night from Comrade Tung." The new man then asked my name, age, place of birth and occupation, and at the same time wrote them on the "Criminal" list. His accent made me think he was a native of Shantung Province. "You come from Chee-loo University, Tsimen?" he asked. "Yes," was my reply. He then called another soldier to pull me out of the cage and loosen my handcuffs. After that, I was taken to a big inner jail-room.

Our jail-room consisted of 17 cells surrounding an open space on three sides. Iron bars and barbed wire were in front of each cell. The roof was of almost two-inch thick iron plate. The total area of the room was about 50 feet long, and forty feet wide. There were six compartments on either side and five at the end. Each cell usually held more than fifty persons. Sometimes, when the Communists had good "business", each compartment would hold seventy to eighty people. In a word, this jail usually had more than a thousand "criminals". There were faded red and green papers posted on the

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walls as propaganda, saying, "Stand behind the <sup>labor</sup> class," "Learn the thought of Mao Tse-tung," "Get rid of bourgeoisie ideas," "Understand thoroughly, throw away your old thoughts," "Serve everybody," "Confess to the people," "Suppress the rebels," and "Clear up the bandits and spies." These posters were in such profusion that they were hard to distinguish one from the other.

On the second day, I noticed an old woman [redacted] STAT

[redacted] crying day and night. I was told that her eldest son [redacted] STAT had been a village elder before the Communists came, and that he was accused of keeping arms with intent to revolt. As he was ordered to produce five pistols and a number of hand grenades, he was frightened and ran away. This made the Communists angry; they then arrested his mother, his wife who was pregnant, and his sixteen-year old sister as hostages. They were jailed separately. The Communists kept beating and threatening them to make them tell where the man was hidden. The reward for telling would be their freedom. The old woman who was deceived by the lies, told them where her son was hidden. The previous night her son had been thrown into our own jail.

Several nights later, a section head, Hu, took the sixteen-year old young girl to his room alone for trial. Afterwards, when she came back to her cage she suddenly burst into tears. She called her mother in the next cage and sobbed, "The section-head, Hu, has raped me!" As soon as the old woman heard her, she uttered a cry and fainted. This made her daughter-in-law cry; and the whole family began to weep so bitterly that everybody in the jail was touched. All felt outraged, yet nobody dared say anything. A guard on duty heard the cries and shouted to stop them but in vain. He then used the handle of his gun and beat the bars of the jail. This only made everyone cry more loudly. Finally, Fang, in charge of the jail, appeared, with a pistol in his hand and roared, "I'll shoot, if anybody cries again!"

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But neither the guard's gun nor Fang's threats stifled the outcries. Fang gave orders to the guard to pull out the whole family. At daylight, Fang rushed in again. He shouted to us, " - - - , you rebels! Don't you dare to blame anything on a loyal staff member of the People's Government, and spoil the reputation of the liberation army. All such shall be put to death!" From that time on, nobody ever saw the family again; they then left the world.

All the "criminals" in this jail had actually never committed any political crimes, yet they were arrested as "nationalist spies". Once they came into the jail, they instantly became "political criminals", and whether they were found to be "secret service men" or not, they could never escape being tortured. When innocent people were taken into the jail, some of them were weeping sadly, some were crying that they were not in the wrong, while some were begging the guards for release while trying to explain that they were not "nationalist spies"; such explanations were always regarded as valueless. One could also hear some of our fellow sufferers asking, "How long before our imprisonment comes to an end?" "Come to an end? Don't you know that this is an iron gate? You are only allowed to come in but not go out!" was the reply. A bird could not give birth to a beast, while a mouse is born to gnaw; so were the Communists, like poisonous snakes, born to kill, and many thousands of lives were sacrificed at their hands!

On the Prison

It was night when I came to the jail; so there was no meal served. Everybody rose early the next morning. I was then told that there were only two meals a day: nine o'clock in the morning, and four o'clock in the afternoon. The meals were indescribably bad. Mouldy rice mixed with chaff and sand gave an awful taste even after cooking. The grains of rice were

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broken and wormy. One felt as if eating chaff while chewing the rice. Sometimes there was so much water in the rice that one could drink it like congee and could never satisfy his hunger.

Besides the rice we were served small bowls of watery "vegetable" soup. On the surface of the soup, there floated three to five leaves of green vegetables just like small sampans floating on the ocean. Occasionally, several drops of oil could be seen, circling and shining like gold-fish swimming to and fro.

Besides the bad quality of the meals, the quantity was so little that it could never fill our stomachs which grumbled from time to time. Sometimes the Communists appeared to be a little bit human, and would bid the "cooking comrades" to prepare more rice; yet the latter would fail to supply the additional rice. In order to comply with the staff orders, they had to add more water to the rice, which, after being cooked, would naturally become rice-soup.

Chemically, washing-soda could thicken the rice-soup. They thus applied a great amount of this soda to the rice when cooking. The soup then thickened and the quantity increased; but the reaction of the soda on the stomach, having the same effect as fruit salt, became stronger. Unusual, cooked by this process, would wash the stomach and intestines so thoroughly that ninety-nine per cent of the "criminals" suffered from dysentery. In a few days, everybody's face became thin and pale, and then they felt weak in the limbs and waist. As a result, all the "criminals" lay on the ground crying and groaning. "We're not afraid any more that these 'spies' would run away!" laughed the Communists loudly.

By the right side of the latrine, there was a pig-stye. They raised five big fat pigs. The sty was made of woodboard and the floor was

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covered with straw. Inside the sty, it was very clean. The pigs ate three meals a day, each meal composed of snow-white rice, vegetable soup with green leaves, and oil forming drops like pearls floating on the surface. This splendid meal of the pigs was the remains of the regular meals left by the Communists. This was the way they made use of the so-called "waste" for the food of the pigs. Also, every Wednesday and Saturday they used to eat so-called "banquet food" and these pigs were similarly entertained. Every time I passed by the sty, I looked at it and the saliva began to drip from the corner of my mouth. I really envied them. I envied them because I was not born to be a pig. The Communists had a slogan, "Chung ~~ju~~ fan shan", which means, "The poor man improves his status." Even pigs had "improved their status!"

Every evening at nine o'clock, an ear-piercing whistle was blown as a signal for sleep. Every morning, at six o'clock, they shouted to us to get up. There was no bed, but the broken and rotten floor; on walking everybody's clothes were found wet from dampness soaking up through the floor. Whenever it rained, water began to come like a spring from the cracks of the decayed boards, stand up to but we were not allowed to keep away from the water. This was because the Communists were afraid the "criminals" would cause disorder and make use of the chance to break the handcuffs and shackles to escape. So they compelled us to sit in our places and be quiet. Every body had to sit with his pants in the water and let them dry slowly by the warmth produced from his own body. In a few days, every body was affected with sores.

Our conditions, when we were preparing to sleep, were almost unbearable. The jail was so crowded that it looked like a tin of sardines. No body was permitted to move; he must report to the guards, else he would be punished by having to stand naked all the cold winter night long.

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One was not even allowed to go <sup>the</sup> latrine at night. It happened once that an old man, Mr. Chen Yung-koo, a native of Faoying, Kiangsu Province, suddenly felt like going to the latrine on account of his dysentery. He cried, "Report Comrade, I want to go to the latrine." There was no answer. "Report Comrade, my stomach aches, I have to go, it's urgent!" he cried again. Again there was no answer. Finally he could not bear any more and thus did it in his trousers. He then took off his trousers and put them aside. Because of the odor, some one asked, "Where does this awful smell come from?"

Although the guard would pay no attention to shouts, whenever there was the slightest whisper, he would come forward and ask sternly, "What are you rebels talking about?"

Nobody could get away with anything. The white-haired old man, [redacted] told the truth and was made to stand on the floor for the whole night. STAT He could not bear the severe cold north wind and fell sick. In the morning, after the first meal, the Communist guard pulled him out and asked, "You stubborn old fellow, why did you violate our orders?" [redacted] STAT shut his eyes tightly and gave no answer. " - - - , if you want to be executed, go ahead and we can feed you to the dogs!", snarled the savage soldier. "You son of a gun! You want to die," joked some of the other bestial guards, "to-day, you'll be punished by kneeling before what you have done, and enjoying the smell!" As they spoke, several tall soldiers took his trousers and put them on his head. Yellowish liquid began to drip on his face, to his mouth and then all over his whole body.

"One who wants to control everything in heaven and on earth, even wants to pry into other's personal affairs!" says an old proverb. The Communists were no exception; they supervised everything that we did. We were the only allowed to go to latrine once a day; it was before the first meal. Before

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one entered the door of the latrine, he had to pass through a crowd of armed guards, soldiers, squad commanders, section chiefs and patrols walking back and forth. He could also see rifles, short-guns, machine-guns and soldiers with fixed bayonets facing him while entering the latrine, like facing a deadly foe.

Those who wanted to go to the latrine must line up in groups of fifteen, each one two steps apart. They were guarded by a soldier with his finger ready on the trigger, and the barrel pointing at the "criminal"!

Again, those who did not want to go to the latrine liked to be in the line too, because they would have a chance to come out for a walk or to relax their muscles. The time was short, yet it was good for the "criminals"; so everybody came out of the jail with fast steps like a bird flying out of its cage for a chance to look at the sky and the earth. When one could see the sky and earth, he seemed to return back to nature! Such a short time of emancipation was the only moment that one could enjoy heartily, because he would be again confined in the cage shortly.

After getting near to the latrine, everybody had to line up again waiting for the signal, "latrine!" As soon as everybody heard the words, they immediately rushed to find a suitable place to squat. As the time was short, everybody had to make haste. The Communists, unexpectedly, would whistle and yell, "Gather together!" when everybody was only half done. Thus one had to rush as fast as he could, otherwise he would be suspected of being a "going-to-run-away "criminal"!

One more important problem was the lack of toilet paper. I had to tear my coat piece by piece as toilet paper. " - - - ", yelled a soldier who saw me tearing my coat, "you're really a bourgeoisie, you're so clean!" At first the pieces of cloth I tore from my coat were rather big, then, as

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I did not know how long I had to stay in jail, I made the pieces smaller and smaller, until finally I had to use my hand!

How about those who had no coats? Some tried to find pieces of broken bricks as paper. It was about the middle of October when an old lady by the name of Wan, one day, took the piece of brick she had used for the toilet and hit her own temple in order to kill herself. A big bloody bruise swelled out from her temple and then she fainted. After this happened, the soldiers cleared away all the broken tiles and bricks inside and outside the latrine. Although old Mrs. Wan had failed to commit suicide, she deprived all her fellow sufferers of toilet paper. The result was that some, because of the trouble, did not use toilet paper any more; while some copied the way of the Communists' monkey-ancestors by using the corners of walls. The Communists had proclaimed that the rebels had transformed men into devils while they could transform devils into men. Although I had travelled all over Red China, I had never heard any story about a devil that could be transformed into a man, yet I had seen in the concentration camp that the Communists had reduced men to a status below that of animals. I should say that millions and millions of people, under the control of the Communists, were even worse off than the draft animals of China.

A Story about an "Anti-revolutionist".

After less than a week in the prison, my whole body was infested with vermin. It was then a warm bed for these minute creatures. I had seen one fellow sufferer ~~stuck~~ his hand into his clothes and catch hold of a big black louse with a tail. He put it in his mouth and began to chew. "Are bugs good to eat?" I asked him as I was impelled by curiosity. He gnashed his teeth and whispered to me, "These bugs are Communists; they suck my blood, and I eat their flesh!"

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At the south-west corner of my cell, there hung a pigeon-house, in which there were some ten pigeons. Originally, these pigeons belonged to the police station of our government. They were carrier-pigeons, and became prisoners of war after Shanghai was occupied. "Comrade" Long whistled to them every day. He seemed trying to teach them to sing, "The east was red, the sun was rising, China gave birth to a Mao Tse-tung!" Sometimes, he also used to tempt the birds to come down by spreading rice on the ground, and he then stayed and waved at the birds with outstretched arms as if to teach them how to sing the "Planting Song". Ah! They were "learning" and "washing their brains" too!

It happened one day that a big white pigeon, from nobody knows where, stole into the little cage and sang together with her companions. Suddenly, she flew out of the cage, soared freely high in the air and then disappeared in the south-east.

At that time, my heart was greatly cheered and poured out a stream of new wishes:

White pigeon,  
This is my wish for you:  
Fly over the wilderness,  
Cross over the mountains,  
Soar in the free sky,  
And report: The message of the Red Flood;  
Rest  
On the roof of the great church,  
And hear the prayers for justice ascending!

One night, I lay awake and tossed on the floor. My brain was flooded with grief and sorrow. I thought of my white-haired old mother and of myself now in prison. I tried to free myself from such despairing thoughts but in vain. The more I tried the more sad I felt. At this moment, I realized a great difference from my former attitude. Then I was at the

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I was afraid of my name being called; but right at this moment, my only hope was that the secret service men would question me inspite of the horrible scenes during the trial. Sometimes I begged the guards to get some information concerning my case, but they refused. If I were to insist by shouting, those wild hounds would apply a severe punishment to me. Finally I decided to resort to a silent protest - meal strike. Right from the same day, I began to refuse to eat. During breakfast, I sat there motionless. My fellow sufferers asked me why I refused to eat. I told them that I was not well. This of course could allay their suspicions; yet when they saw that I still did not eat in the afternoon, they realised that I was on a meal strike. and begged me to eat. Although I, at this moment, found the love of our brethren was precious, yet I strongly rejected their kindness and held to my decision. After they found that they could not persuade me, they then reported to "Comrade" Fang, the section chief, in charge of the jail, who was from my own district. He, in return said savagely, "You don't eat, because you're not hungry. You better not eat forever!"

On the second day of my strike, I could still stand the hunger although my stomach was grumbling. The third day I was so hungry that my head ached, my eyes were dizzy, my legs were weakening and my heart was fluttering! But I persevered as I did not want the Communists to ridicule me by saying, "The perseverance of a bourgeoisie lasts only for five minutes!"

My meal strike affected their responsibilities. It was most probably "Comrade" Fang, the section chief, who reported my story to the secret service inspection office. I was then taken out for questioning in the night of the third day.

The night was dark and foggy when they took me out from jail. After stumbling along a big street, we came to the Heng Tai Fish Company again.

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This time, the one who faced me in the room was an ugly man called Ling, another "Section Head". He acted me with a milder air, "Comrade Fang said that you haven't eaten for several days, why?"

"I don't know why you have shut me up here for nearly two months. If you want to shoot me, go ahead and make it quick!"

"We have already released many generals. If you want to know why we detain only you, this is on the instruction of the 'Military Control Committee'. We only listen to orders. Nevertheless, we can apply to the Committee to settle your case earlier," was his reply. He then persuaded me to resume eating and assured me that there would be a result within ten days.

This was the shortest trial that I had ever undergone; it lasted less than fifteen minutes.

The longer I stayed in the prison the more I learned about the organization. I knew that from the exalted "sub-department chief" to the lowest rank, the "cooking comrade", all belonged to the "Third War Area, the 9th Regiment, Liberation Army". They all wore the badge of "Police H.Q." The "Temporary Nationalist Police Employees" were kept on ~~enormous~~ traps like traps or for other routine jobs. The "Liberation Army" who were acting as police guards, were under the control of the Communist Secret Service Section. Actually, not all of them were secret service men. There were also some who had not lost their souls, and they, in fact, were not willing to be transformed into devils, but were cheated and compelled to be beasts of burden. With the exception of those section chiefs, squadron commanders, and proportion of the soldiers who were professional murderers, the rest, although they were lost in the darkness, were still dreaming of a bright road ahead of them. They all expected to come back to the world, yet to get permission from the Satanic Mao was next to impossible. These men, who were wandering in hell, did not know how many tears had dripped from their eyes when they sometimes thought of their friends and relatives!

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For instance, on the fifth day after I came to the prison, I noticed a young man, about twenty years of age, tall, with a big head and large ears, thick eyebrows and lips and dark skin, who was in the No. 3 cell with me sitting there for the whole day without saying a word. His head was bowed and he was handcuffed and shackled. Several times I tried to talk to him, but he only shook his head and kept silent. He seemed to be very sorrowful. He looked like a Northerner. At one time I tried talking Mandarin in order to see his reaction. When he heard me, he seemed to be surprised and asked in the native dialect [redacted] "Are you a Northerner?" STAT  
I then began to tell him briefly about my case. Afterwards, he cautiously told me his name, birth place and occupation. [redacted] STAT  
[redacted] STAT  
[redacted] STAT

[redacted] When he came to tell me that he had been "liberating" Shanghai, he suddenly stopped. After several discussions, I understood that he was accused of "Revolting against the government and running away and discarding arms". [redacted] STAT  
[redacted] STAT

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## Chapter IV.

## HOSTEL FOR "NATIONALIST SPIES" - THE "WARD" AT YU YUEN ROAD.

In the Cold Cell.

I then saw outside the fence near the inspection post a number of secret service men. I guessed that they were going to question me. They opened my cell-door, handcuffed me and brought me to the gate. A black sedan was waiting for me at the gate. They then invited me to get in the car. There were armed guards sitting about me. The car swayed its way towards the city.

After half an hour, the car stopped at the door of the [redacted] residence where I had my rooms. At this moment, I suspected why they had brought me here. They pulled me down from the car and took me directly into my room. [redacted]

[redacted] The secret service men entered my [redacted] room and ransacked my trunks and wardrobe and rummaged through them. [redacted]

[redacted] The result of the search was only a letter which they seemed to suspect. This letter was from an acquaintance [redacted]

There was nothing in the letter except some private affairs. I was not afraid of anything, yet they thought it was a merit that they could report to their superior.

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I was then taken into the car again.

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The gate here was covered with iron plates and had a smaller door with a square window. There was no signboard at the entrance of the gate. While the car was honking several times, a head looked out from the window in the door. The man in the car waved his hand. The gate was then opened and the car drove in. After the gate was closed, the men in the car came out and showed their pass to the guards. After the pass was examined the car continued on its way in. While the guards were examining the pass, I had a chance to see a machine gun behind the gate. There was also barbed wire surrounding the tops of the high walls, and cement fortifications at the four corners of the wall. Groups of guards were patrolling to and fro with Brownings in their hands.

The car circled the drive-way and stopped in a rectangular yard. I was then led into a registration room at the side. As before, they took off my belt, shoe-laces, etc. I knew what this was all about, and I also knew this time I had to stay longer in the jail. I begged them to give me back my Bible so that I could spend the long days with it, and my heart would not be void. They sneered at me, and one of them said, "You're really stubborn; you still don't understand that Christianity is the opium that intoxicates the people." "Christianity is the tool of the American imperial capitalists," said another, "Christianity assists the war criminals in Wall Street!" "Our Communists' God is Generalissimo Stalin!" shouted another man. They then shouted to one another, and took me as the butt of their jokes. Of course, they would never grant my request.

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They led me to an iron-barred cell in the north-west corner, which was less than four feet high. The floor was composed of cold iron bars, with a drain running underneath. This was what people used to call the "steel bed." In the corner of the cell there was a small bucket for the lavatory. It was dark even in the daytime. They then ripped off my clothes and handcuffed me at the back. This was an especially cold winter [redacted] the thermometer STAT had dropped below zero and I had on only my shirt and thin pants. I was shivering, yet the guard outside the jail scolded me in a loud voice: " - - - ! Why do you move? Do you want to run away?" Some old fellow sufferers who could not bear the extreme cold, just lay dead on the "steel bed!" After about a week in this confinement, I was taken out for further questioning.

I was then pardoned and allowed to put on my clothes. They sent me to a bigger jail to sleep in the so-called "sofa-bed". The "sofa-bed" was a cold floor of thin wood boards with dried straw on top. This was a little better than the "steel-bed", yet when it was snowing, the snowflakes would be blown into the room, sticking to the walls and resting on my body. Sometimes the snow would clot and become thin ice. So, we used to call the Communists' jail the ice-den. It was still worse during night time. If one slept on his side, the freezing wind would blow across his shoulders and stiffen him painfully. Sometimes, three to five persons shared one cotton mattress, but most had no mattress and were obliged to put their clothes together to sleep in. How could one sleep in such cold weather? The shrilling cold wind and the freezing snowflakes convulsed everybody's limbs and made us tremble. It seemed to me like Dante's description: "Below the hell, there is a freezing hell; this ice-den is the worst for human beings".

There were altogether thirty-two such cells. Each could hold more than one hundred people. The No. 1 cell was for females. On the walls of

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of every cell were posted regulations:

The first item consisted of six "Don'ts":

1. Don't whisper to each other or study your confessions.
2. Don't tell others the details of your trial.
3. Don't take any message for others when you are released.
4. Don't try to run away.
5. Don't quarrel.
6. Don't fight.

The second item consisted of four "Musts":

1. You must confess and correct your thoughts thoroughly.
2. You must quietly wait for the arraignment of your case.
3. You must be careful to keep everything clean.
4. You must obey orders.

When we were transferred from the small steel cell to the bigger cell, we had been asked whether we would like to continue wearing the handcuffs or to have them exchanged for bracelets. Some thought that bracelets would be better than handcuffs; so they wanted to have a change, not knowing that the so-called "bracelets" were made of paper and could readily be spoiled. Therefore, instead of having his hands released, he could very easily commit the crime of "damaging penalty apparatus!" He would then be accused of trying to escape, and at the same time be liable to have his punishment doubled!

Beware of the Communists' Smiling Faces.

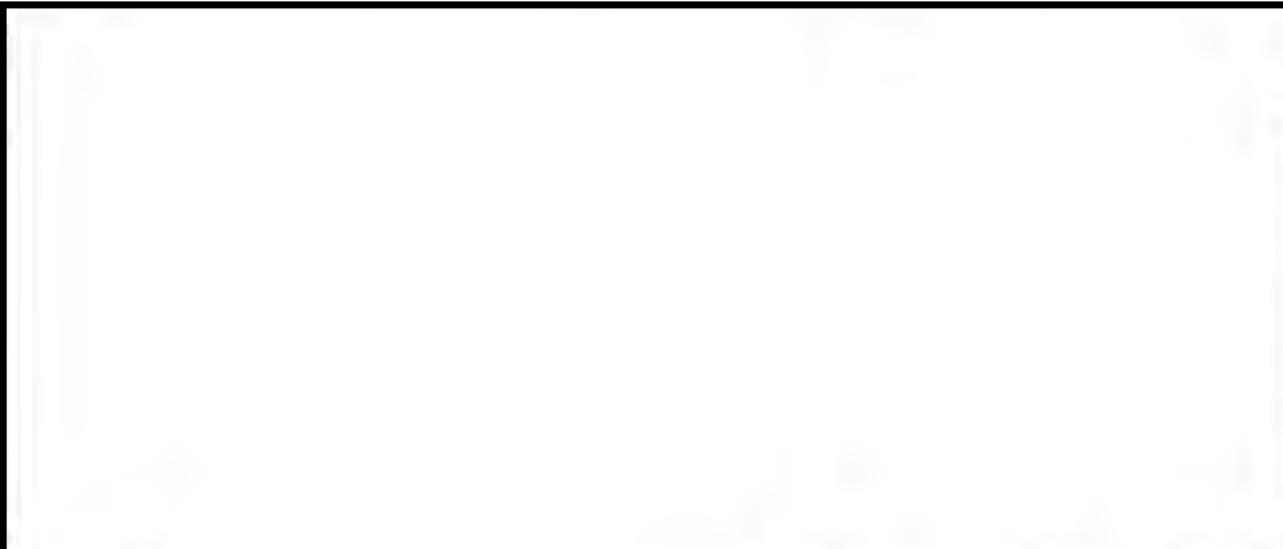
On the tenth night after I came to this prison, the lock of the door suddenly was thrown open. A guard with a Kiangsu-Chekiang provincial accent shouted, "Jen Shan-hsien, go to answer questions!" I at once realized that another ~~one~~ incessant trial would begin. What penalty I would incur and what the result would be I had to place in God's hands.

I followed the guard with reluctant steps to a trial room. Behind a broad table stood a middle-aged man. The muscles of his pale yellowish face were set in an expression of cruelty. His black uneven teeth were like dog's fangs. His eyes stared like an owl. Later on, some of my fellow sufferers

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told me that this man was cruel as a wolf. During a trial, he would abuse and beat people, and would gnash at them as if he meant to beat them to death. If one would confess everything to satisfy him, he would bare his set of dog-like teeth in a cold grin to show that he was victorious! If, in case one refused to admit the crime of which he was accused, this judge would protrude his eyes and howl like a hungry wolf, " - - - , you don't confess to me! Some nationalist spies who were a hundred times more stubborn than you have already confessed to me! Huh! If you don't, I'll beat you to death!" That was why all the sufferers used to call him the "Skinning "Pluto".

In the beginning, he asked me the same old questions that I had been asked before. Afterwards, he added something, "Why did [redacted] call to you?" STAT he asked. [redacted] To call to [redacted] STAT somebody is the sign of respect for a human being. Is this a crime?" [redacted] STAT [redacted] STAT



This time the trial was in the morning. When I went to the latrine, I passed by the No. 1 jail, the female cell, and unexpectedly [redacted] STAT sitting inside with a sad and sorrowful face, and [redacted] weeping. At that STAT moment, my heart seemed to be pierced by numberless daggers. After I went

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back to my place, the more I thought of them, the sadder I felt, until at last the dam of emotion collapsed and I cried. Just because [REDACTED] my neig[STAT] who called to me she was then involved in my case. She left at my home four children who still needed nursing. Especially sad was the case of [REDACTED] STAT student who had been instructed by her mother to take the responsibility for my rooms. It was not because of the friendship between us that she stayed in my house. I knew that she had been tenderly brought up and had never tasted the least bitterness. She was at present like a green delicate shoot being blighted by a storm. I prayed for her in my heart:

You were a shy and delicate orchid,  
 Growing in the greenhouse.  
 Your long and slim soft stalk,  
 Danced in the breeze;  
 Your fresh and delicate green leaves,  
 Bent beneath the gentle rain.  
 The dimples on your petals,  
 Smiled in the sunshine.  
 Ah!  
 Your fragrant blossoms  
 Made it hard for me to leave!

The thunder and rain are coming!  
 The lightning is flashing,  
 The hail is striking the ground.  
 Your  
 Stems are breaking,  
 Leaves are falling,  
 Blossoms are fading,  
 But,  
 Your wounded stalk  
 Is standing firmly there!

You accursed thunder and rain,  
 Are so cruel and tyrannous  
 That you forced the lovable orchid,  
 To wither and fade!  
 How hateful you are!

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You accursed thunder and rain,  
Boast not of your cruelty and tyranny!  
If it were not for that fierce cloud coming from the North Pole,  
How could you exercise your power?

You accursed thunder and rain,  
Boast not of your cruelty and tyranny!  
Beware of the typhoon roaring  
Which can blow away the fierce cloud,  
And also dissolve you into nothing!

My orchid:

You must struggle,  
You must wait,  
Your wounded bruised stalk,  
Will soon be healed;  
Your fading leaves,  
Will soon be refreshed;  
Your broken stems,  
Will soon be restored,  
Struggle!  
And wait!  
When spring comes,  
You shall live again!

Once a trial by the Communist secret service began, it would last continuously for a long time. At midnight that same day, they pulled me out again for trial. My judge was the same person. When I entered the room, he, without saying a word to me ordered the minor bandits to fetch a big shaft about six feet long, five inches wide, and four inches thick. They bound my hands and compelled me to kneel down on pieces of broken glass spread on the cement floor. They then placed the shaft between my thighs and my calves. Two of them then tightened the ropes binding my hands while the other two stood on both ends of the shaft and at the same time stamped with great force downwards.

At this moment, the so-called "Skinning Pluto" opened his mouth and warned me, "You have courage; you don't confess to me. Well, don't tell me that you're a man. Even though you're a piece of steel, I want to make you melt!"

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The extreme pain penetrated my heart, yet I gritted my teeth and refused to answer questions. He then ordered another two men to stand on the shaft. After a few minutes, I fainted. The wild hounds then sprayed cold water on my face and I gradually came back to consciousness, but I could not stand on my legs any more. My knee-caps were bleeding and the flesh was torn open. Even now, scars can be found on my knee-caps.

As I was lying there writhing and groaning, two men came and carried me back to jail. My fellow sufferers knew that I had been tortured. Some of them approached me and tried to console me with the thought that all the "criminals" would sooner or later be tortured, more or less severely. Hsu Shuang-kun, a native of Wusih, told me that the secret service men had ripped off his clothes and placed a piece of telephone wire to his genital organ, and that when they had connected the wire to the current in the telephone machine, they rolled the handle which made the semen from his genital organ to spout until there had been nothing left and blood had begun to drip, and that he had been so painfully tortured that he had almost died and was unable to sit and sleep.

A fellow sufferer,

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interrupted and said, "The hounds bound me to a specially-made bench, to which they connected an electric current. It seemed as if my bones were dissolving and I felt ticklish all over my body; then I became benumbed and fainted.

Finally, I came back to <sup>my</sup> senses after half an hour.

Another fellow sufferer,

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told me how his legs had been broken on the "Tiger Bench". He said that the "Tiger Bench" was longer than the ordinary one, and about a foot wide. The secret service men forced him to sit on it with his back leaning against the wall, his two legs stretching along the bench and his thighs tightly bound to the bench. The men then inserted bricks under his calves and pressed his knee-caps downwards. This stretched the muscles

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unmercifully. He told me further that when the first brick had been inserted, he felt such pain that he wanted to die; and that when the second brick was inserted, he lost his senses; and again, the men put in the third brick which then broke his knee-caps. He told me that he came back to consciousness and then lost his senses again, and that from that time on he was disabled for life.

[redacted] a native [redacted] Shantung Province, told a story about STAT STAT what had happened to him: "In the trial room, the secret service men laid me on the floor, and inserted a water tap into my throat. They then turned on the tap and filled my stomach with water until my belly was swollen like a balloon. After that, they kicked my belly and then pressed out the water. They filled my stomach for the second time until I fainted. Once they used kerosene to fill up my stomach. After that, I didn't drink for three days and three nights. I tried to vomit but in vain. Now, my stomach and intestines are all out of order!"

For two nights, they did not come to disturb us. We thus had a quiet rest.

About the eighteenth night, when I was dreaming of my sweet home, they suddenly awoke me and brought me to the trial room.

On a horse-shoe-shaped table, there was a five-hundred-candle-power arc lamp. They ordered me to stand facing the lamp. The strong light shone into my eyes, and in five minutes, I was so dazzled by the excessive brilliance that I fell into a daze. During this trial, there were more secret service men than ever. I could not remember their faces. There had been five or six such men, some of them asking me questions and some taking records. They questioned me, some with a smiling face, some angry, and some threatening to put me to torture. In my heart, I already understood that they had determined to oppress me until I admitted their fabricated charges.

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Their technique of performing the trial was as stupid as the "Skinned Plate" Liao. The only difference between this and my previous trial was that they had adopted a method of questioning me, one group at a time, incessantly for two or three hours; then another group would question me in turn. Thus I had not the least chance to rest. This lasted till the next morning and from the next morning to the evening. I did not eat nor drink; my eyes were swollen like a couple of walnuts and my throat was dry and hoarse. I could no more make any reply with my parched tongue and cracked lips. One of the rascals suddenly slapped me on my face, but as my body was torpid all over, I could feel nothing; so there was no reaction. When this man saw what had happened, he thought he was insulted and immediately pressed a lighted cigarette stub against my face, leaving a deep burn. My body began to sway right and left until I could stand no more, and I fell to the ground unconscious.

I did not know how much time had passed when they sprayed cold water on my face. I was then awake. They then served me with stewed pork and vegetable pie which were filled with salt. Again, they gave me a glass of hot water which when drunk was much saltier than sea water. This made me only feel more thirsty, yet they sat in front of me drinking green tea and eating Kwangtung oranges. They purposely did this to tantalize me! My dry lips were bleeding and my dry mouth was full of ulcers. I could bear no more. One of the men that brought me half a cup of cold water instantly soothed my throat and lips with its immense sweetness. Yet, right after I drank the water, they wanted me to admit their accusations. Of course I refused again. They then continued to question me until I fell to the ground. Afterwards I was told that I had slept for exactly forty-eight hours!

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The <sup>a</sup> most efficient methods of the Communists for getting confessions from "Nationalist Spy" were first to make you to admit their accusations by putting you to torture. If this failed, they would apply the second method which was to insult you or to beat you so as to deprive you of your dignity. Sometimes, especially with intellectuals, they would try the third method which was to tempt you with nice words and flatter you until you sold your own soul. These three ways were used either the latter first or vice versa. Since they failed when applying the first two methods to me, they then began to try their last process which was to cheat me into agreeing with their statements.

In the middle of December, there came a new man to the trial room. He had a rectangular face and was about thirty years of age. His name was said to be Chen, and he had a cheerful and pleasing manner. When I entered the room, he shook my hand warmly and asked me friendly questions. He seemed to be quite sympathetic with me. "Hi! [redacted] he said cordially STAT yet with treachery in his heart, "A man like you having a high position in society should not be in jail. This might be because <sup>of</sup> a prejudice against you on the part of our comrades who were in charge of this trial. I'll speak to the jail captain about this." He seemed quite willing to be a friend of mine, and repeated an old saying, "At home one depends on his parents, while outside on his friends." He again asked me whether I had any difficulties and whether I had suffered spiritually and said that he would try his best to help me. I tested him by asking him to tell the guards to give me back my Bible. Unexpectedly he at once granted my request and ordered the guards to get it for me. But they never did give me back my Bible. He, then, politely offered me a cigarette and a cup of tea and inquired of me, "Which of these guards are rough and which are kind to you?" When I told him, he pretended to slam the table and scolded, "You comrades of low educational standard need to learn more!"

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He told me painstakingly that he was not interested at all in the present trial. He thus talked with me for almost half a day and then came to the main subject. He told me of the three strict regulations of the Communists: "The head criminal must be punished. The compelled will not be prosecuted. The achiever shall be rewarded." He then gave me to understand that the reason why I had suffered such persecution was because I was a special case that could be of future use to the Communist Government. After saying this he quoted a Communist saying: "The People's Government is generous; be fast to confess and admit your mistakes before the 'people' so that you can serve the 'people' sincerely." In order to tempt me to make confession, he had poured out so many false words that he had scarcely any more to say.

I understood thoroughly that he, among the secret service men, was playing the role of an "honest" gentleman like Lu Su in the "Three Kingdoms!" He was kind in appearance but actually evil in heart. Although these attempts at deception were of higher techniques than any of my preceding trials, yet I had taken great precaution not to fall into his trap. No matter how hard he was going to urge me, I would never change my position of defense.

For several nights we two were talking together. The more he talked the more intimate he was with me. Once he gave me a cotton coat and patted me on the shoulder. In order to show his kindness, he, himself, put the ragged coat on me. I could describe his whole scheme by a familiar quotation from an old novel: "Softness may defeat steel." If you wish to know the outcome, read what follows.

This Comrade Chen was like a great magician who, by shaking his head, swinging his hands, and reading charms, could turn a countermine out from under a broken carpet. He would casually say that he did not agree with the present situation and would also mention that he had been working for many years

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in the Nationalist Army Control Bureau. In order to prove that what he had said was true, he took out a number of photographs of different outfits and purposely pointed at himself to ask me whether so and so was like himself or not? He then murmured to me that he had been entrapped by the Communist spies, and reduced to such a level. Gradually, he became even more intimate when talking to me. He pretended to accuse the Communists: "You are leaning to one side towards the Russian elder brothers, selling out your fatherland, burning and murdering, so cruel and immoral!" He also would pretend to praise Generalissimo Chiang for his greatness, fame, patience, and spirit. He would furthermore declare that the Nationalists would surely be successful in coming back to the mainland. He then pretended to hate those shameless generals such as Chang Chi-chung, Wang Yao-wu, and Chen Ming-jen, who had formerly raised their hands and shouted, "Long live President Chiang!" and even, "Long live Madame Chiang!" and then had surrendered as soon as they had found out that times had changed. He said he hated the war-lords, fellow-officials, and politicians who, false to their obligations, had surrendered themselves and revolted against their own government. He would strongly condemn those who had confessed and flattered the Communists for a reward, and had sold out their relatives and friends. He even said that whenever he had a chance in the future, he would get out of the Communist Party and come back to the Nationalist Party to become a loyal patriot! After all, he seemed, in every respect, to be a kind-hearted, brave and righteous young man. Up to this moment, I could hardly believe that he was a Communist secret service man. He seemed to me to be a just magistrate in the court of our own government!

But if anybody should be deceived by his plausible, sweet words, he would right away fall into a thousand-foot deep gorge and could never climb out again. Comrade Chen was really an extremely bloodthirsty, and vicious monster.

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These secret service men, especially the better educated ones, had played their tricks so well that countless innocent people and heroes who had unsuspectingly swallowed their sugar-coated poisonous pills, had fallen into their traps, and had become hopelessly lost.

In jail Death.

One morning in January 1950, after I got up I found a black-gowned middle-aged fellow sufferer of average size with a round skull and square face lying moaning in a corner. From his quivering groans, I suspected that he had drunk "some chili water", "flown in the airplane" and ridden on the "wooden horse". After two weeks, we became familiar and talked with each other. He told me that he had undergone even more serious torture than I in the trial room successively for three days and nights, on the same charge of being a "Nationalist spy".

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It was a bright day on the 6th of February. After breakfast, we heard the rumbling of planes coming from the south-east. They came nearer and nearer

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with a thundering peal of exploding bombs following <sup>the</sup> air-raid siren everywhere. Our Communist guards threw themselves on the ground pale and trembling. But my fellow sufferers all rose up in exultation and thronged to the door, with one mind and heart to peer through the small window and watch the planes hovering overhead, and roaring like thunder. We were dancing, and pointing out to each other that the peal on this side was at Kiangnan Dockyard, and on the other side was the Electric Power Company, Langtsepo.

When we saw a plane suddenly fall down, everyone sighed and said with tears, "All is up!" But scarcely had we finished the words, when the plane rose up in a straight line. We clapped our hands and wept with joy. We were excited, and at the same time so angry that we wished the bombs would fall down and destroy us together with the wild dogs, our guards.

But the wild dogs began to rise up from the ground after the alarm had long ceased. They flourished their revolvers arrogantly, and cursed us: " - - - , Rebels, do you want to riot? Don't think you'd ever see Chiang Kai-shek even if he should come back again, for we would shoot you to death".

At five o'clock . . . on the same day, the guard opened the door of the prison and called, "Jen Shan-hsieh, La Ping-shan, quickly gather your baggage, and go". My heart was throbbing painfully when I went to the trial room. I saw the concentration camp assistant chief Cheng, standing there. He told me fiercely, "Jen Shan-hsieh, La Ping-shan has confessed to being the spy who pointed out the bombing targets to the enemy. We are going to shoot him on the order of the military control committee. You must be quick to confess or you shall be executed together with him."

I firmly denied his accusation. At this moment, La Ping-shan was being tightly bound. They handcuffed my hands behind my back. Then La Ping-shan, perhaps fearing that he would have no time to shout when he

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might be secretly executed in the night, cried loudly: "Long live President Chiang! Down with Mao Tse-tung! Long live the Republic of China!" The guard ran to him and tucked some cotton into his mouth. One gangster said to me, "Don't shout, or I'll cut your mouth." They tucked the cotton into my mouth and carried me to a big car. One of the secret service men told me that he would let me get down from the car, if I would confess my crime. I made no answer. As the car was being driven to the entrance of the lane, a young secret service man ran behind and cried, "Section Chief Wang phoned us. Take Jen Chiang down and execute him later on." I was then drawn down from the car and taken back to the prison. In this tragic drama of blood, I played a supporting role to the "sentenced criminal" and escaped out from the jaws of death.

In the "Liberation Daily" of February 7th, the news of Lu Ping-shan's execution was printed in capital letters. A long account of his crimes had been fabricated by the secret service men, as he told me before his death, to force him to confess that he had joined the Sino-American Institution as a servile dependent of America, to murder Indian Communists while in Calcutta. After the "Liberation", on the command of the Nationalist Assistant Chief of the Public Security Bureau Yang, he had hidden himself in Shanghai to point out bombing targets to enemy planes. Attached to the accusation, the photo of a generator as evidence was also printed. In fact, they could print any number of photos of planes and targets not to speak of a generator. As to false photographs, no one could know that they were entirely forged by them excepting the high-schelon Communist secret service men.

The outrageous conduct of the Communists was evidence to us that they were international kidnappers and the enemies of humanity. The whole thought of Mao Tse-tung was for nothing but tyranny, torture, and deception. Anyone who would believe that the followers of Mao Tse-tung would blurt out even half a word of truth, is absolutely a fool.

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That same evening when my fellow sufferer, Lu Ping-shun, was sacrificed, I was crouched in my corner meditating upon how heroic and magnanimous was Mr. Lu who went to death as happily as if returning home. His fervor was like the hot blast of a volcano. In memory of his pursuit of perpetual truth, I wrote a few lines as follows for him:

The mainland was covered by the black night;  
 The hearts of human beings were smothered by the thick fog.  
 Listen! Down with Mao Tse-tung!  
 Long live the Republic of China!  
 Crack! A volley of gun-fire  
 Shatters the stillness before the dawn.

... . . . .  
 Ah! My friend! Though you fall, the sands will rise up and  
 march in your blood-stained footsteps!  
 March!

... . . . .  
 Ah! My friend! In falling, you raise the torch  
 For us to follow forever!  
 Ah! My friend! Though you fall, we will forever chant the  
 poem written in your heart's blood.

... . . . .  
 Ah! My friend!  
 Sleep quietly!  
 The torch of your life still shines above us!  
 The radiance of your immortal death  
 Shall be our sun and moon.

... . . . .  
 Mao Tse-tung! Murderer!  
 However sharp your sword,  
 It cannot slay a hero's soul.  
 The Cross is the immortal emblem of martyrs.

... . . . .  
 Mao Tse-tung! Murderer!  
 Know well  
 That he who plays with fire,  
 By fire shall he be burned;  
 And he who slaughters others  
 Shall himself be slain.

Some Miserable Western Fellow Prisoners.

Time crawled like a snail. People used to say that a difficult day seemed as long as a year; but I felt that this was an understatement. Such a day was indeed as long as a century. As we lived from day to day, no one could ever tell what would happen any minute. Not to speak of to-morrow, we could not

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even imagine what might happen the next instant. We could distinguish only the mornings, the evenings, the rainy days, fine days, cloudy days or windy days as they passed. To open our eyes on waking and to close our eyes in sleep were the only actions permitted us. The belly was grumbling all day long. Whatever might be the year, month or festival had all vanished in the torrent of time. Though I lived in the large city that was called the Oriental New York, yet I was as solitary and lonely as the French Military Officer Dreyfus on the desert island isolated from the world. I was like a sheep to be butchered bleating in the slaughter-house. There was no one who would regard me. I had been forgotten by those wild dogs. I feared that I would never be remembered again by them and that I would be left to perish in that obscure den.

Spring time on the south side of the Yangtze River is always especially bright and beautiful. There came to my mind the ancient poem that said: "If you have overtaken the spring when you reached Kiangnan (south of the river), be sure to detain it". I was now in Kiangnan in the spring of this year. But alas! Where was spring time for me? At midnight, my immense grief was sharpened by the voice of the cuckoo. Again I thought of the poem: "How much sorrow is in you? As much as the spring stream flowing eastward."

One night in March, those gangsters again remembered me whom they had forgotten for so long. When I entered the trial room, I saw a man of mid-stature, with a small head, small eyes, and a specially long neck just like the head of a tortoise. I was afterwards told that he was the section chief, Wang Ming, whom my fellow sufferers nicknamed the "Human Tortoise". The "Human Tortoise" persistently accused me of joining an American spy organization. I contradicted him with great spirit, saying, "You Communists always say you never wrong a person; so show me the evidence please, if you say that I am the spy of 'American imperialists'." The "Human Tortoise" replied: "When Hangchow was

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liberated, you lurked there by order of the Nationalist Government. You have been in intrigues with the American imperialists [redacted] and STAT you have been keeping in contact with the British imperialists [redacted] STAT [redacted] This is the true evidence." STAT

When I heard what he said, I knew that the spies in Shanghai had been kept informed by those in Shantung respecting me. It was probable that the Shantung Communists wanted the Shanghai Communists to examine my case, or I would have been extradited to Shantung before this. [redacted] STAT SIAI STAT

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Afterwards, he changed his treatment of me. He asked me to criticize the policy of the Communists. "I have studied natural science and know nothing about the science of sociology. As I have seldom read the newspaper, but have habitually looked into the microscope in the laboratory, please ask me questions about biology," I answered frankly.

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After listening to my answer, he thought for a while with wide-open eyes and said, "The science of nature is not independent and it may be useful to serve the people, when it is combined with Communism. Comrade Lenin said that when the science of nature was independent from existence and livelihood, it was absurd and sophistical. Therefore no natural science was independent. The natural science that you rebels had learnt was the rebellion science of nature. So we, the Communists, have changed your kind of natural science into natural science as the arm of the revolution to serve the people."

He continued to ask me many questions, trying his best to detect the relation between "American Imperialists" and me. Sometimes, he set up a trap and lured me to fall into it by a roundabout way and then accused me of false testimony. The "Human Tortoise" was more skilful and penetrating than the rest. He was indeed an old stager.

One day, in a leisure moment, I looked out through the surveillance hole. I saw some foreigners walking to the latrine under the escort of the guards. Though they were walking like cultured people, yet they appeared listless and dispirited. Their western clothes were dirty and shabby with spots of blood proving that these foreign friends had been tortured, too. They walked slinkishly, drooping their heads before the watchful bayonets. From their gait I could understand that some of them were American prostitutes; some were Italian Catholic fathers charged with the crime of "Isolating New China from the people"; some of them were French sisters charged with the crime of "maltreating infants"; some of them were British preachers who stood against "the reformation of Christianity", and even some of them were White Russians, "the servile dependents upon American Imperialism".

In Shanghai, the famous man Yang Bo, Chairman of the Seamen's Union (who had once liquidated many Communists, and then had supported the Communists

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after the "liberation") had been confined secretly by the Communist spies in our same prison, for the punishment of his previous "blood debt".

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In my cell No. 2, there squatted a lovable hunch-backed boy, with bright eyes in hollow sockets and a high-nosed long narrow face. He shivered as he crouched in the icily stinging draft. He sometimes sat quiet with drooping head; sometimes he sobbed. His fellow sufferers told me that he was called Shui Mai-chen, and was a student of the Shanghai Middle School, only thirteen years of age; and yet he had been confined there for half a year already. On October 10th, 1949, when he was playing in his school yard a Nationalist plane flew overhead to bomb. The boy held up his hand and cried, "Look! The plane is coming!" Just then a bomb thrown from the plane landed nearby. After the alarm, the members of the "small devil corps" who were sent by the Communists to spy in the school, secretly accused him of pointing out bombing targets. The teacher of politics, Cheng Hsing, transferred him to the Public Safety Bureau. Then the Communists charged him with the crime of being a young Nationalist spy, and imprisoned him with us for "brain-washing".

One January night there came in a fellow sufferer, about forty years of age, thin and short, clad as a merchant. He told us afterwards that his surname was Mao, and he had been living in the neighborhood of the prison. Why he had been imprisoned was just because his surname was Mao (the same

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as the maiden name of Chiang Kai-shek's deceased wife); and also because he was a native of Feng Hua, Chekiang, the native town of Chiang Kai-shek. Therefore the secret service men persisted in saying that he was the young cousin of General Chiang Ching-kuo, Generalissimo's older son. Some of the fellow sufferers joked with him, "You may tell them that your surname is the same as the Chairman Mao Tse-tung." He answered angrily, "Mao, (the Chinese character meaning is 'fur') Tse-tung is the Mao (fur) of dog; my Mao (fur) is the Mao (hair) of a human being". After four or five days he was extradited.

The secret service men asked us to tell them our chores and kinmen living in Shanghai. If you kept mute or refused to answer them, then they tempted you to dress up elegantly and saunter about in the busy street under the surveillance of the secret service men. This was what befall me after I had been imprisoned more than half a year.

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One day, in April, after breakfast, the guards called me out again for questions. To my great surprise as it was the first time for me to stand trial in the daytime. As soon as I went into the trial room, "Comrade Chen", who had been acting like the false La Su of the "Three Kingdoms" shook my hand as usual. He said pleasantly, "You have been confined here for more than half a year. Now we shall let you go out to take a walk. Don't you think the People's Government is very tolerant and generous?" He told a young secret service man, "Comrade Lee, you take him to the barbers to make his toilet first." As soon as I entered the barber shop, there in the mirror appeared an image that was seventy per cent like a ghost and thirty per cent like a man, with disheveled hair, beard like stubble about half an inch long, teeth like yellow clay, cadaverous skin and prominent cheek bones. Was that my real appearance? I could not recognize myself.

We three, including the two young secret service men, strolled abreast in the wide street. Chattering and laughing, we appeared to be three intimate friends, and no one knew that I was being on trial. At that moment, should some kinman or friend meet with me and call to me on the road, what would happen to him? Thinking it over and over, I was so afraid that my heart leaped like a small deer. I then walked on with my eyes cast down.

Scarcely had we reached the Hwa Kiang Villa, Poo Shek Road, when one young secret service man looked forward with his eagle eyes and called: "Hello! Comrade [redacted] look ahead." I could not refrain from looking forward too. I saw a beautiful young lady dressed in a fashionable coat and blue trousers, with two braids tied at the end in butterfly bows. She was leading a child about ten years of age, walking a short distance ahead of us. She was a natural beauty. Her graceful posture and oval face made her very attractive. The two secret service men ordered me hastily to hide in a lane; and they were

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lounging at her like a cat watching a rat. Then she went on to the wide street, we left the lane; when she made a turn, we went roundabout; when she was standing at the cross-road, we hid behind a corner of the wall. We kept her at a safe distance and unaware of being followed. The two young secret service men were busy looking out for their fair prey and at the same time guarding against my escape. After more than ten minutes, the beautiful lady entered a ~~familiengut~~house with a garden at Route Doumer. Then the young secret service man, Lee, went to the tailor's in the neighborhood to phone and remained there to keep the fair quarry under his surveillance. I was then followed by the young secret service man, Hung, alone.

In the morning, two days after I returned to the prison, it was my turn to carry the stool. In the cell for females, No. 1, I saw that the beautiful lady whom we had seen on Route Doumer was sitting weeping there. Alas! She was doomed to be sent to the "International Hotel" to wait on the "Russian elder brothers".

The guards at this place were young men or women about twenty years of age. They were laborers, peasants, students, danseurs, belles of society and prostitutes. They were formerly "underground heroes or heroines". Some of them had agitated for the "strikes" in factories; some of them had stirred up agitation to "minister the tax-dodgy" in the country; some of them had guided the agitation in ~~striking~~; some of them had lured information out of government officials in the dance halls; some of them had been married as concubines to warlords and statesmen to induce them to rebel; and some of them had sacrificed themselves as prostitutes to steal "bootleggers". But they were at this time as proud as conquerors rise from under ground to tyrannize over the people. For the safety of Shanghai and the whole "Tout China Area", the Chinese Communists particularly chose from different places these "heroes

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or heroines" to attend the special training class of the "East-China Communist Party Bureau", to "study" and be "educated" again. There were about eighty of these persons living in the large building north of our house. We usually looked stealthily at them through the hole for surveillance. We had seen them in class at the south side; taking meals in the dining hall on the south-east, dancing the "Planting Song" in the courtyard and sitting in the sunshine under the colonnade. One day, Tung Ch-liang, the chief spy of "Woosung Bar Examination Post" came to ask me questions in the classroom for training these devils. The big characters and the diagrams on the blackboard had not yet been erased; the charts and the pictures were still hanging on the wall. Therefore I knew that the lessons the young secret service men studied were about treachery, pervert, arresting, secretly kidnapping, murdering, torturing, stealing documents and so forth. The materials of every subject were adopted from the incidents occurring in Shanghai, and were explained by diagrams. However, such tortures as how to burn the females' genital organs with brands and how to put "pigs" bristles into the males' genital organs were the original inventions of those young secret service men and were not included in the procedures that I had seen described in the classroom. Not long after I had been confined, I asked a fellow sufferer, "What is this place?" A prisoner called Yang Tsong-lean answered ironically, "Here is the 'Nationalist spy hostel'." I knew afterwards that it was the former school building of Tsing Pa Primary School run by the Three Principles Young Men's Corp located at the corner of Yu Yuen and Edinburgh Roads and was at that time the "detention house" of the "Public Safety Department of the East China Communist Party Bureau", which was actually under the jurisdiction of the "Ministry of Social Affairs". The real officer in authority was the "Human Torture", "Section Chief Wang Ming, who went to the office there every Wednesday and Friday. We were all left to his mercy.

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The shooting of prisoners took place every Thursday before noon. Wang Ming went to his office by motor car. So hearing the rumbling of the motor car every Wednesday, we were tent with the fear of imminent calamity. We sat motionless, staring at one another in our own places. After supper, everyone of us was afraid of being sentenced to death and waited for the summons to come to us in the night. We all trembled when the guards passed by, especially when they came in with a paper and called, "So and so, take your luggage and go quickly!" At that time, the jail atmosphere was tense. Anyone hearing the guard call his name turned pale and stammered as he answered, "Here!" in low and hoarse tones. He would stand trembling. All his fellow sufferers would show him mute mercy and sympathy, gazing at him as if saying "Good bye! Good bye! Good bye forever!" He then went away and was seen no more. Those who had not been called were kept in suspense, pricking up their ears to listen, fearing to hear their names. We were kept under strain till midnight; then everyone began with a deep sigh to recover his composure, realising that he himself would have at least one week longer to live.

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#### Chapter V.

##### THE INSIDE OF THE SLAVE LABORERS' CAMP - WHA - TUNG FARM.

###### Struggling on the Brink of Starvation.

The day broke especially early in May. The blue sky was clear without a bit of cloud. As the warm sun rose slowly in the east a fierce guard opened the door of the cell and called loudly, "Jen Shan-hauh, gather your articles, and go quickly!" As I went into the registration room with my coverlet, an ugly secret service man showed me a small pack and said, "These are your things. Are they right?" To my great surprise, all my things were the same in number; but they were changed in quality. For instance, a gold ring of one-third ounce weight was turned into a copper ring; a brown Parker 51 fountain pen was transformed into a locally-made one of the Kuo Kwan brand; an Omega brand wrist

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watch had been "improved" into an old one which must have been bought from some peddler. From this we can see that the Chinese Communists were even ahead of their "Russian elder brothers" in adopting the rule of the "sudden change" as based on "materialistic explanation". At first I was angry and thought of demanding restitution, but remembering that I was then under the bayonets of the Communists, it was no use to complain. Our lives were at their mercy, not to speak of these trifling articles. So I said, "Yes, yes, yes, all right; all right! Thanks to 'Chairman' Mao for his wise guidance!"

The secret service men again put a pair of handcuffs on my wrists, and threw me into a big black box car. The car was very dark, without windows and doors; and the only entry and exit for the prisoners was a hole on top with a cover over it. I could neither sit nor stand, nor lie in the darkness, when the car was driving at full speed; but I either bumped my head against the cover or my knees collided with the bottom. At first I crouched in a corner; but at every jolt I was thrown from side to side. I felt dizzy as everything seemed to be turning about in the darkness, with noise and confusion. I rode thus in the car for one hour. As soon as it was parked, the secret service men drew me like a dead dog out of it.

As usual I was stripped of my clothes for examination. But, thanks to the generosity of the "People's Government" they did not take away my belt and shoe-laces this time. How could I know that this was the omen of becoming an ox or a horse?

The slave laborers camp was located at Tsachochéng, a spot between Langhwa and Zikawei in the suburbs of Shanghai. A special road led to the camp. The innermost part of it was the former building of the Children's Refugee Institution, fenced by low walls surrounded by electrified wire nets, and circumscribed on the outside by barbed wire. At the four corners of the iron wire nets were bulwarks built of cement and iron in which there was a

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searchlight that could light up for 600 yards. It shone continuously from evening to the next daybreak. Also all night long we could hear the tramp of the wardens patrolling.

After I got in the camp, my fellow sufferers told me that the farm acreage of the camp had belonged to the farm of the former Childrens' Refugee Institution under the Nationalist Government. It had been widely "extended" by the Communists after the "liberation". Some of the land had been confiscated after condemning the owners as "Nationalist spies"; some had been contributed "voluntarily" with compensation in "bonds". These acres were now considered the "estates of the people". Outside the barbed wire, there were posted sentinels and beyond the sentinel posts a sign announcing "military closed area" was erected. Even the trusted Communist spy must produce his pass before he entered. Otherwise, any one who strolled near the "closed area" was liable to be prosecuted as a "Nationalist spy" and would be arrested or shot.

In the front of the camp was a wide playground where a high flagstaff was erected. At the rear of the playground, nine blocks of two-storyed buildings comprised the offices and dormitories of those secret service men in the camp. Still further back were the ramshackle bungalows built in rows with about two hundred apartments of different dimensions: the smallest house was about fifteen yards in length and ten yards in width. These were the barracks for us - the "prisoners". There were regularly more than thirty thousand people in the camp. Some fellow sufferers told me that there were not many houses there in 1949, when it was established. The additional buildings and fields were crystallized from the sweat and blood of the slave-laborers. But the camp was still in progress of construction and extension, indicating that more and more Chinese people would be sent to their death for "labor reformation".

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When I went into the jail room, I saw on the lintel of the door a torn-off wood plate on which were the characters written in red lacquer, "Labor builds human beings". Before I sat down, a fellow sufferer reminded me that I should look at the "Rules of Labor Rebuilding": First they consisted of four "Musts":

1. I must work faithfully.
2. I must keep clean.
3. I must accuse enemies.
4. I must obey orders.

Secondly there were four warnings:

1. One who violates the rules for first time should be warned.
2. One who violates the rules for the second time should forfeit his meals for one day.
3. One who violates the rules for the third time should be punished by being confined in the torture cell or by standing in the wire cage or by being put down into the water cell.
4. One who violates the rules for the fourth time should be punished by death.

In the cell where I lived there was a window with dirty bars - the only window through which the sun shone and the wind blew. From the ceiling there hung an electric lamp of 25 candle-power. Its dim light seemed appropriate to our fate, and might be considered prophetic of Communistic imperialism's future. About one foot from the ground, double rows of bare planks, without mats or straw, served as our beds.

It was dark in the room. As the short hand of the clock pointed to five, a bugle blared loudly. Waving his hand, the guard beyond the gate shouted: " - - - Get up! Get up quickly!" In a moment "Comrade" Chen, who looked like a black bear, waddled in like a duck. He scolded ribaldly, " - - - You pigs, you are so lazy and fond of sleeping". The black bear being eagle-eyed, looked here and there and struck heavily with a rough stick on the heads or feet of the prisoners who had not yet risen. Those who had been beaten by him could hardly forget the torture.

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After getting up, we went to wash our faces in groups. We had no basins but a cement gutter full of water, on the ground. We washed by rubbing our faces with the water scooped up by our hands as we crouched. We had no towels, not to speak of soap. Some tore off strips of cloth from their old clothes instead of a towel. Most of us used sleeves to wipe our faces. We had no tooth brush, much less tooth powder or tooth paste. We used our fore fingers and middle fingers to rub our teeth and took a handful of water to rinse our mouth. We had been gradually accustomed to the "simplified" habits of the Communists.

As soon as we had washed our faces, we were ordered to take a meal. In the labor camp the Communists nominally supplied every man with one catty of coarse rice, about a gram of oil, one gram of salt, half a catty of fuel and two ounces of vegetables daily. The Communists also hypocritically proclaimed that the wage of every man for a day was 10 per cent of a "unit". At the same time the gangsters would "democratic-despotically" order that 90 per cent of the wages should be voluntarily contributed to the "government" for the use of "fighting against America to save Korea" and the remaining 10 per cent should be used to improve our livelihood. Though this 10 per cent was not enough to improve our livelihood, yet it would have been some help. But in fact, ~~down~~ this was entirely confiscated by the steward, "Comrade" Wang, who was so fat that his head was indeed like that of a pig. But we, the "prisoners", were getting thinner and thinner daily.

Our meal times were so miserable as to baffle description. We had by turns to carry watery rice soup from the kitchen at a distance to the dormitory. The hungry and tired fellow sufferers craned their necks to look for the gruel on which their lives depended. They were so anxious to receive the limited quantity of congee. But it was very hard work for the one who distributed it. The fair way was to put the congee carefully into every man's small porcelain

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bowl with <sup>a</sup> standard dipper. If the distributor dropped a grain of rice on the ground or into another man's bowl by mistake, the fellow sufferer who had lost this fraction from his share would grumble incessantly. A good-tempered man would put up with it; but if one had <sup>a</sup> bad temper, he would quarrel or even fight with the distributor. The supervisors who were standing about, then would deal them both three heavy blows with a staff, and shut them up in the torture cell, or make them stand in the wire cage. In case the gangsters were in evil humor, both of the disputants would be shot.

As the distribution proceeded, all would take up their small bowls of rice gruel in their hands, staring at them hollowed-eyed with the ravenous gaze of wild animals, or as if searching for a lost diamond in the earth. Hearing the order to begin, every man wolfed the congee in one gulp without chewing, like a starving dog.

For the improvement of their own livelihood, the Communists' secret service men appropriated the funds for equipment. They said to us, the prisoners, that for "the thriftiness of production for the country", they used our wooden rice or congee barrels to hold the discharge from the latrine or the manure from the farm yard. We washed these barrels in the gutter before meals. This inhuman thriftiness of the Communists was perhaps copied from their "Russian elder brothers".

#### The Tears of the Slave Laborers under the Communists.

The Chinese Communist concentration camps do not resemble the prisons of democratic countries, which train their prisoners in technical skills under humane conditions, so as to renew their lives in society after they have received penitentiary education. But the Communists overworked us with cruel, brutal, labor in hunger, heat, or cold. Plowing in the fields, thatching the houses in the courtyard, dredging in the Whangpoo River, carrying the rice

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to the granary - all these were ~~turn~~ ~~details~~. The labor details were arranged in rotation. Everyone of us had to take turns at various kinds of toil in accordance with the Communists' principle of "equalization".

As soon as we had breakfasted we hurried to form ranks on the parade ground to wait for the ~~turn~~ ~~details~~. The serial orders of our ranks followed the serial orders of the jail rooms. The black bear would take a roll-book and bellow our names. One must snap out a short loud response, and step a pace forward. If you answered low, and moved slowly, you would be scurrilously abused by the black bear, " - - - . We do not allow you to show your feudal pedantry here!"

The number of every band was not regular. They varied from about forty to fifty. Every ten "prisoners" were put under the surveillance of an armed soldier. The Communist secret service men, to prevent our escape, practised a system of mutual guarantee and mutual punishment. The mutual guarantee consisted of three men who had undertaken to guarantee one another; if one should escape the other two would be strictly punished. The mutual punishment involved a row of four men in the band to be liable for punishment; if anyone should run away on the road to work, the other three would be punished the same as the transgressor. Under such a strict arrangement, who dared to run away? The prisoners marched in ranks of four, one after the other; each man kept equidistant from his neighbors on all sides. One's head must be straight, eyes front, the two hands at the side. To go back, to speak, to look about, to push or pull, to look up at the sky or down on the ground, to kick others' heels, to touch the arms or shoulders of others on either side - all these were against the strict rules. One who infringed upon one of these rules by mistake would be kicked black and blue by the leather boots of the guards around him. This was indeed a very strict as well as secure way to prevent the "prisoners"

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from escaping, yet our guards still suspected that we might. As extra precaution, when we were going to work, they took off our belts and returned them to us after we arrived at our destination. For thus we could not walk without holding our trousers with our hands. One could not run fast unless he kept his hands swinging to and fro. The average age of us "political criminals" was thirty, and a few were above forty or below twenty. We young men could walk quickly, but in consideration for the few old and young, we walked slowly in order to accommodate our pace to theirs. The watching guards then would shout, "Go quickly! Overtake the band!"

The farm work consisted of cultivating, carrying water, planting, plowing, sowing, irrigating and manuring. Of all this work the most toilsome was to draw the plough in summer.

Machines are used to plow fields in Europe and America. For thousands of years in China, we have used oxen and horses to do this work. But after the Communists came, they have with a high hand "rebuilt" the people into animals.

Every plough had four or six poles for yokes tied to it; that is to say every plough was drawn by four to six men. We bent forward to draw with great strength. Because of the drought, hardness of the land, and blunt plow-share, the plow was nearly immobile as we pulled steadily. So the "comrade" who was supervising us shouted, "Draw with strength! I will whip anyone to death who does not draw with strength!" If he saw one whose back was kept a little straight, he would whip him on his head or face so heavily that every lash left a black or red mark. Thus he forced everyone to bend to the ground and crawl forward. The pressure of the ropes and yokes left marks so wide and deep, swollen and red that they caused us enormous pain. There was pain in every bone and every joint as if we were suffering from severe arthritis. We felt pain when we breathed, and the pains even increased all over our body after resting for any night. Time elapsed day by day, as we were thus working

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without enough food or sleep. We gradually became hunch-backed and vomited blood. The old and weak men could not remain any longer and then they "joined the majority".

When the ploughs were arrested, the "comrade" who was supervising us roared at us so insultingly, " - - - ! You creatures are not as good as animals!" Communists, you had, for once spoken the truth. Indeed you Communists did not treat the "prisoners" even as you would animals.

As the Communists' secret service men still feared that some "most felonious criminals" among us would escape, they put on some prisoners iron gyves of about ten catties in weight. These were two hoops to loop the ankles with a chain about a foot long tied between. When walking with gyves, one must walk straddling in space limited by the chain. One's manner in walking with gyves was ridiculous. The clanging of the chain rudely assaulted our ear-drums.

One day, at tiffin, when the guard was negligent at his post, I took a chance to ask a fellow sufferer, by the name Lee Tou-tak, a native of Hefei, Anhwei, "How can you carry water with gyves on?" He humorously answered showing me the iron gyves, "Certainly it is hard to work with gyves. However there is nothing difficult to do in the world, if you can use your brain. As to the gyves, I bind them up to my kneecaps with a cotton belt and in that way they will not gall my ankles and also I can walk without difficulty. The question is thus solved."

"How can you put on your trousers?" I asked him again. He laughed and answered humorously, "This is very easy. We put on one leg of the trousers and tuck it up through the hoop of the gyves first and then we put on the other in the same way. How to surmount difficulties such as making a way over the mountains and building bridges across the river, - these are the makeshifts that I have learnt in the Chinese slave laborers' camp."

It was again my turn to sow. I was sowing in the fields. I saw that

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the grasses were green by the side of the roads; flowers were blooming luxuriantly in the wilderness; the small birds were chirping in the trees, and all things were growing thriftily on the earth. Ah! The Summer was drawing near. As I sowed the mustard seeds handful by handful, I was thinking step by step that they would in the near future grow with fresh, new life:

A seed of mustard,  
Sown in the mud,  
Sprouts,  
Grows leaves,  
Blooms,  
And bears in abundance the seeds;  
It is found keeping on its endless life,  
Indicating the permanence of Truth.

One day I was detailed to Lannitu ferry nearby Lokatso, Pootung, to dredge the sands. Before daybreak, we were all roused up by the black bear rod in hand. The Communist secret service men, fearing that the sight of us would awaken too much sympathy in the people, made us run at bayonet-point to our destination before the inhabitants had yet got up. En route, the older slave laborers could not keep up this pace and were beaten by the guards with rods. For instance, the old man, Mr. Wang Pu-liu, a native of Funing, Kiangsu, who served as a chief detective for many years in Shanghai, died on the spot vomiting blood.

The part of Whangpoo River near the Lannitu ferry was blocked by mud and sediment that hindered the sailing of ships. To exploit the slave laborers, they forced us to dredge it without pay. We divided the labor among cooperating groups. Some were compelled to dredge the sand. We took off all our clothes but the pants and jumped into the water. We threw the mud and sediment upon the shore with a spade. We were spattered all over our bodies with mud and water like monkeys of mud or the devil-idols of earth in the temple. However that was no matter because we could wash it away. After working for half an hour, we would feel pain in our loins, and the broken blisters on our hands

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would ooze yellowish liquid. The pains pierced our heart and bone, when the sores were soaked with water. Our arms became so numbed that they could scarcely move. Nevertheless, seeing the bayonets and whips of the watching gangsters, we forced ourselves to work, gritting our teeth till we had exhausted our strength. Many fainted, falling to the ground or drowning in the water. Some were made to carry sand or sediment taken from the river to fill a large trench nearby. Two bamboo baskets filled with sand weighed about a hundred catties. One could learn about this ordeal of burden-bearing by asking the old fellow sufferers their experience in this work. One would choose a long and rather pliable bamboo pole to be kept at an oblique angle of 45 degrees with the shoulder while working. Both ends of the pliable bamboo pole were jolting when one was walking: and at every jolt one might make a stride or turn the pole to another shoulder by a slight movement. We could thus save much strength. If you had a short pole on your shoulder that formed the figure of a cross with you, you could not keep it jolting and moreover you would kick against the basket and get your toes broken. A load of one hundred catties on your soft shoulder would press down on you more and more heavily, though you were braving it out. As the burden cut into your flesh you would shift it to another shoulder; however the left shoulder was not so strong as the right one, and you could hardly endure again the weight that seemed pressing you to the earth. The sun was scorching hot. We were thirsty and drenched in sweat. If you put down the burden to take a rest, the guard with a rifle scolded, " - - - ! Do you plan to escape?" After scolding us he would beat us all over our bodies with a rattan whip. We had to let him go on beating, without even a glance at him. Otherwise, we would be charged with "attempting to riot", and forfeit our meals for one day, or stand in the wire cage, or be otherwise confined, or even have our heads separated from our bodies.

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One of the fellow sufferers called Lee Chiang-ling, a native of Yangchow, formerly in the Shanghai Laborers' Union Welfare Committee, had carried the sand on his left shoulder for a long period until that shoulder was depressed by the burden. Since his right shoulder was high and the left was low, he inclined to the left side, when walking. Some of his co-workers joked with him saying, "The Communist labor reformation has reformed you till you lean to the left side. You should be released soon."

We had scarcely worked for one hour after breakfast, when we felt hungry. We were regularly tired out at ten o'clock, and could hardly even move a step by eleven o'clock. At that time we wished the sun were in the middle of the sky. But on the contrary it was climbing slowly at a snail's pace. Was the sun in the Communist area also engaged in sabotage? Though we were exhausted we were kept working with all our strength from morning to noon, from noon to evening. At seven o'clock, when we turned back to camp, we were too tired to take off our clothes drenched with sweat before we fell down on the planks and went to sleep.

Every two weeks or one month, an over-all search that was strictly kept secret beforehand was conducted by the Communist agents in the camp. It usually occurred at midnight, and the whole camp was put under martial law and posted about with sentinels. Everyone, including the Communist secret service men, was strictly prohibited from passing. Any transgressor would be charged as a "spy". Thus no message could be transmitted. The search was conducted under the supervision of the division chief, Mou, who grimly directed those watch-dogs to search us by sections. All "prisoners" in the camp were awakened from sleep and stood in rows with hands held up, looking upward at the ceiling during the search. We had nothing at all excepting the shabby clothes on our bodies. What the secret service men discovered were the wires that some fellow sufferers used skilfully as needles for patch-work, and some melons or

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vegetables taken back furtively from the farm yard to the jail room (after luckily escaping search) to help satisfy the intolerable hunger. As to the guns, common bullets - all these were merely that fabrication of fear and suspicion in their hearts. We had become habituated to the cruelty and insult that were intolerable to human beings but our greatest grievance was that they had deprived us of several hours' sleep. As we were always suffering from lack of sleep in the slave labor camp, how could we not hate the Communists who robbed us even of that comfort?

To make a long story short, I can testify that the Communist secret service men made us, "the prisoners", struggle on the brink of hunger, and forced us to work desperately for our lives. These demons "increased the production" by the policy of hunger menace.

#### Revealing the Secret of Brain-washing.

We returned to the camp wearily every day, and flopped on the planks to sleep without thinking of a meal. One great nuisance was that Hon Dau, the "cultural teacher", a salacious devil, forced us to attend his class. This creature was infatuated by a glance from a female and was absolutely a slave to lasciviousness. His head kept shaking and he spluttered in talking. The subjects of his class were merely Chou Tsan-kwa, "the banner of laborers" and Liu Wu-lai, "the hero of laborers", etc. Once he orated didactically that "American Imperialism" was the bulwark of the capitalistic countries, and the warmonger of Wall Street. Americans, he said, profited from police pressure to exploit the laborers, and the laborers had been sabotaging in great excitement. He said again that there were thousands of people who were as poor as church-mice in America, out of work; and the Russian elder brothers had recently helped starving Negroes in America with several thousand tons of wheat. He again described Russia as the paradise of the world. It was a pity that

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he had no first-hand knowledge, but only acted as a loudspeaker. But his fictitious lies were revealed instantly. The fellow sufferer, Wu Kiang-ping, a native of Tungtai, Kiangsu, stood up and asked, "It is true that the Russian elder brother has the richest country in the world. But why is it that they, our international friends, have bought some home commodities such as towels, soap and the like, to mail to Russia, after they arrived at Shanghai?" Then the wretch glowered and stammered but could give no satisfactory explanation.

After the outbreak of the Korean war, "the learning" was concentrated upon the "Fight against America and help to Korea". The secret service men said dictatorily that America had encroached on "The Peoples' Republic of Korea". They ascribed the crime of imperialistic encroachment on China during the last hundred years entirely to America. For instance, according to our "cultural teacher", during the Boxer Riot, the "American General Wattece" (a German) led the allied troops of eight countries to invade Peking. He thus did his best to circulate evil propaganda and slanders.

Once in a section discussion meeting to study Mao Tse-tung's "People's Democratic Despotism", the secret service men pretended to encourage us to make a thorough discussion of it. One of our fellow sufferers, Hsia Hu, (a native of Fuyang, Chekiang and a former editor of the Chitung Daily) raised an objection against the inclination to Russia, which, he maintained, was really a country of imperialism and Fascism. To prove his point, he recounted the facts beginning from the year 1858, through the ten months' Russian revolution of 1917-1918, to the Sino-Russia "friendly agreement" of 1945, and the theft of machinery and violating of females in North-east China. In his courageous testimony he shed tears as he spoke.

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One day again in the "Brain Washing Meeting of the"Fight Against America and Help to Korea" the division commander under the banner of the late General Chiu Tsing-chuan, Kuo Feng-ping, a native of Hsia, who became famous in the battle of Shanyangcheng, Shantung, stood up in wrath saying, "We fought against Japan in the resistance war for eight years; but the Koreans assisted their master to do us much harm, they are second-class devils whose cruelty was deeply impressed upon our brain. Why should we help the enemy?" Interrupting him, the salacious devil stood up and answered, "Kuo Feng-ping, you are right when you mention the 'second-class devils' but they were the spies of the South Koreans trained by the American Imperialist, Douglas A. MacArthur, the warmonger of Wall Street, and the bandit, Syngman Rhee; and therefore we help our brother country to overthrow the American Imperialist, the warmonger of Wall Street, Douglas A. MacArthur, and Bandit Syngman Rhee." The excitement was then quieted and the meeting broke up despondently without result. Thereafter, Hsia Hsia and Kuo Feng-ping left at different times without saying good-bye to us, and we did not see their brave features again.

Every week, we held once or twice the "struggle meeting". The more fierce one was the better one was considered; the more questions one suggested the more advanced one's reputation; the more defects of others one had picked the more excellent one was rated; the more new and queer terms one quoted the more skilful one was supposed to be; the more one praised Communist leaders the better judgment one had; the more acutely one criticized non-Communists the more effectively one had expressed himself; the more savage one was in "struggling" the more one had accomplished; the more scurrillous and rude one was the more eloquent he was. In a word, the more inhuman and ruthless one was, the more one met the ideals of the Chinese Communists.

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At the "struggle meeting" some would make haste to declare themselves as criminals confessing fluently and unreservedly their past. But this was really deceit. These were the hounds of the Communists, who had been hidden in the camp - the counter-espionage agents who feigned to make an all-out confession with the aim of deluding others to do the same. The new-comers who did not know that it was a plot fell into the trap by following their example in confessing their past. One of the fellow sufferers, Chin Su-hua, (formerly the captain of a garrison corps) thus became entangled, and was lost the next day. One would know the secret of this "confession" and be too wise to be deceived, half a month after entering the camp.

Sometimes when the salacious devil was in a good temper, he asked us to hold a meeting to select the "model of laborer production hero". The disguised counter-espionage agents led the nominating. We, the "real prisoners" not only had no interest in it, but also felt that it was unnecessary. The salacious devil made remarks on our achievements which were graded "first class merit", "second class merit", "third class merit" and the "record of merit". First of all we were asked to report ourselves, and then this would be brought to the "democratic deliberation". But we, the "real prisoners", remained quiet. Finally this activity was carried on by those counter-espionage agents themselves.

One who was recorded as a "man of merit" was rewarded with a certificate on which a portrait of Mao Tse-tung was printed, and which was neither good for clothes in cold nor food in hunger. The needs of us, the "prisoners", were enough food, warm clothes, sufficient sleep, rest and so forth, essential for maintaining human life.

The policy of the certificate of merit did not arise from Communist cordiality or goodwill. The aim in fact was deception as developed in the thought of Mao Tse-tung. Driving the prisoners to work by the black bear with

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a rod and then forcing us to work quickly by the guards with leather whips was the most stupid pleasure in appearance. Finally the salacious devil exercised the psychological brain-washing strategy to squeeze out the last drop of physical strength from our bodies to "increase the production" for the Communists. The Communists, in producing a few grains of rice, squandered the millions of cells in our bodies, to answer the purpose of our enslavement, which was really an inhuman form of slow capital punishment.

The fellow sufferers in the camp were of different classes in society: some were academic scholars who had studied abroad in Europe and America, and had had the degree of Doctor conferred upon them; some were unidentified; some were famous generals who had once been greatly honored; some were old Fascists who had travelled everywhere; some were verdant boys; some were young beautiful girls; some were old women with white hair; some were technical engineers; some were honest peasants belonging to the farmer class; some were bigwigs belonging to the "national capitalist class"; and there were many belonging to the "small capitalist class". In a word, there were people of every class in the camp, and the crime they had all committed was that of being "Nationalist spies", according to the Communists. Many fellow sufferers who had not yet been questioned were confined in the slave laborer camp. Most of us had been several times tortured by the Communist "East China Suburb Break Committee", but fortunately not fatally, before we entered the camp to accept the "labor brain-washing" education, serving the Communists like oxen and horses. As to the judicial procedures of the Communists, most of us had been convicted by the judge in court. The words of the Communists were the law. The Communists were the judges. Every place in the Communist area could serve as court and execution ground.

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Party. There were sections organized under the camp chief to assist his work. Besides the general affairs section, there were the guard, political, and control sections. It was usual to send a prisoner to the control section to detail him for work, as soon as he came; then the political section infused into him the poison of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, and Mao Tse-tung; and he would be escorted to work by the guard section. The main function of the guard section was to prohibit the prisoners from rioting and to protect the camp from being accidentally attacked by the guerrillas.

The Hell under the 18th Stratum.

We had to be careful in talking as well as in action. If one laughed, the disguised counter-espionage agents would report that one planned to rebel; if one was angry, one would be accused of being reactionary and not repentant. If one was happy, he would be suspected as a hidden spy under orders to seize a chance to riot; and if you talked too much, you would be under suspicion of inciting rebellion; and if you kept quiet, you would pass for a subtle and dangerous man. In a word, your happiness, anger, sadness, pleasure, behavior, and conversation - all these would be interpreted as symptoms of "anti-revolution" in the fearful imagination of the Communists. We were unfortunate to be the prisoners of Communists, especially the political prisoners of the Chinese Communists. Ordinary human beings in the outside world could never conceive of the miserable life and deplorable conditions which we suffered.

One who transgressed against the rules in the slave labor camp would be punished by being confined in the torture cells or by standing in the wire cage or being put into the water cell. The torture cells, situated at the north-east of the camp, consisted of several separate small rooms without windows and light but only dead walls. One who was confined in a torture cell was limited to half a bowl of rice gruel at a meal, and was as naked as his mother bore him. In the frigid weather, when it was snowing, one must jump to

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and fire, up and down, walk round and round, rubbing his hands all over his body throughout whole night, in order to keep warm. Otherwise, he would feel acute pain in his belly, fall into convulsions with cold and even be frozen to death with hands blue, feet swollen, and skin stiff.

The wire cage was a frame built of four big posts and eight small ones with barbed wires binding it about. It was just large enough to contain a man standing upright in it. But he could neither turn nor sit, and at all times was besieged by the mosquitoes, flies and fleas that were executing the order of the Communists to suck his blood. But he could not fight against these small creatures for they had the barbed wire as their protection. If you would turn to relax your muscles you would cut yourself on the sharp barbs and get your body covered with blood. No one could stand in the cage for twenty-four hours without becoming paralyzed, and even a man of very strong constitution could hardly bear it till the third day. Some fellow sufferers died in the wire cage, because they were too weak to endure such a torture.

The water cell was like a bath pool, deeper than the height of a man; it had two tops, one for ice-cold water and the other for bedding hot water. The water, whether cold or hot, would gradually rise to submerge the mouth. One would be frozen stiff in the ice-cold water or scalded to death with the boiling water. At the least one would swell up like a sponge. One of the fellow sufferers, Shu Yen-chou, a native of Shanghai, was like an inflated, hairless pig carcass hung in a butchery, when he came out from the water cell, and he died after a week.

The torture cells, wire cage, water cell and so forth were the jails within the Communist labor camp. The labor camp could be called the hell of the 18th Stratton. Then the torture cells, wire cage and water cell were the hell under the 18th Stratton.

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As inexorable time elapsed the prisoners' appearances became more and more wretched with disheveled hair, blotched faces, bristled like hedgehogs, retracted necks, hunched backs, crooked legs and bones that seemed ready to pierce the skin. Every fellow sufferer had been forced by the secret service men to undergo the sun-torture. We knelt naked under the sun in the hot summer. We knelt naked in the open air when it was snowing for the snow torture. We knelt naked in the violent and stinging wind for the wind torture. The metal torture was to thrust a steel needle into the breasts of females. The wood torture was to beat soundly the rumps. The water torture was undergone in the water cell. The fire torture was to brand the females' genital organs with a red-hot iron stake. The earth torture was to dig a ditch and bury one alive. Hunger torture was to deprive one of food and drink for several days. Sickness torture was to suffer without medicine when one was ill. Exhaustion torture was to stand in the exhaustion trial until collapse, and so forth. As the prisoners thus suffered, they gradually became thinner and thinner. On account of the malnutrition, bad digestion and overwork, their health was ruined, and their strength of resistance was decreased. Their muscles became flabbier day by day. As the environment was very squalid, so the bacteria multiplied quickly. When the germs had found their way into one's body, even the strongest succumbed. We hated most the secret service men who refused to give us medicine and sent for no doctors when we were sick. Moreover, they did not even give us food to eat, or water to drink, clothes to wear, or quilt to cover us; but let us die an agonizing death of hunger, thirst, exposure and pain.

The sickness that usually afflicted the slave laborers was so strange and terrible that we had never seen or heard of it before. Their thighs and legs became swollen, and the bones of their four limbs became so soft that they could hardly stand up and walk.

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Many suffered from swollen legs, and had scabs all over their bodies. Their teeth became loose and fell out. Their lips and gums were pale. That was the very common sickness.

Some fellow sufferers suddenly fell in a paralytic fit. Their four limbs stiffened and then they fell down rigid with wide staring eyes. Chang Pin-tung, a native of Shaohsing, Chekiang, the former superintendent of the garrison quarter, Chekiang, died like this.

Some prisoners, from their appearance, were not like sick men. They were merely weak and feeble like the rest of us. But some times when they bent to lie on the planks, they fell down on the ground and died suddenly. Wang Yu-shu, a native of Haim, Kiangsu, former captain of police, Chinkiang, thus died suddenly.

There was still another kind of sickness. The patient had such a high fever that he seemed ready to burst his blood vessels. He was dizzy, deaf, and choking. He was paralysed and unable to eat or drink. The fellow sufferer, Cheng Tien-yun, a native of Changhai, Chekiang, formerly in the Headquarters of the Young Men's Association, died in this way.

The most general and common afflictions were dysentery, fever, tuberculosis, ophthalmia, hernia, peptic ulcers, visceral disorders, and the like largely due to the lack of nutrition.

A fellow sufferer named Lee Chen-yun, a native of Yangchow, Kiangsu, formerly in the Public Works Bureau, suffered from dysentery and was shut up in the latrine by the secret service men because he went there so often. Squatting moaning on the stool, he fell down into the pool below and miserably drowned.

Another fellow sufferer, Yang Ta-ming, a native of Kiangyang, Szechuan, who had served for many years on the police force, developed tuberculosis. When he could not work like an ox or horse for the Communists, and could not rise

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to go to the latrine owing to his serious disease, the secret service men removed him to a corner of the latrine and left him to himself. Sometimes when the secret service men were in good temper, they asked a prisoner to send him half a bowl of congee. As he was unable to move, he had to relieve himself where he was lying. He was soon wallowing in ordure. Masses of flies swarmed about him. All over his body larvae and maggots crawled slowly. He finally was nibbled to death by maggots.

When pestilence was raging in the camp, the secret service men did not separate the sick from the well to keep the infection from spreading. We lived together with the patients. In the middle of July 1950 dysentery was prevalent and many suffered from this disease. The secret service men, with the dead, also carried out and buried all those who were unable to work and could not quickly recover. I witnessed that when General King Kuan-yeh (a native of Wutiaog, Kiangsu and the 39th division commander for many years) was being carried out, he was imploring with groans, "Please get me a cup of tea; I can recover . . . ." His eyes looked desperately at us and stammered with tears. One cannot bear to remember the cruelties of the Communists. Thinking of them even now, I feel terror freezing my heart.

So in the Communists' slave labor camp or the concentration camp one must not be sick and should not suffer from even a very slight indisposition, because the policy of the Chinese Communists was to exploit the strength of the prisoners as oxen and horses. As soon as the prisoners became sick from exhaustion the secret service men, by a kind of genius, would intensify their illness from slight to serious. When one was seriously sick, they would carry him out to be buried alive. A great many who died of torture or were buried alive are lying silently under the earth forever. In the movements such as "The fight against America and help Korea" and the like, the Communists then

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charged those innocent prisoners who had been murdered in the slave labor camp with fictitious crimes such as being "Nationalist spies", and "anti-revolutionists", and posted up notices everywhere stating that they had been shot on such a day. They fabricated stories about the victims recounting their felonious deeds: extactions of money, oppressing people, murdering the martyrs of revolution, and sabotaging the program of "the people's liberation". The Communists declared that the executed "Nationalist spies" had hidden themselves in the "liberation area", had not confessed to their past deeds, had counterfeited the "Jenminpi" (the Communist bank notes); had made rumors; had secretly arranged military movements; and had disrupted the "people's New China". At the same time, the Communists broadcast repeatedly their accusations. In this way the Chinese people have been led astray, and all the nations of the world have been deceived about the Communist crimes in murdering the innocent.

Now I, the escapee from the Red prison, will reveal the secret Communist methods of propaganda, murdering innocent people and deceiving our countrymen, to the 20,000,000 Chinese people living abroad, and to all those who love humanity.

I also charge the Chinese Communists with the crimes of oppressing the people by slave labor and maltreatment, of massacring millions, and of numberless other brutalities towards their slaughtered victims and to those still alive in their concentration camps.

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#### Chapter VI.

##### I ESCAPED FROM HELL.

After April 29th, 1951, the number of fellow sufferers greatly increased in the camp. There were the brilliant officials of the National Government, the bigwigs of society and the collaborators of the Communists. Ensuing upon their entrance, the members of their families, their relatives and friends,

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even the relatives of their relatives and the friends of their friends, were all arrested and sent in. In no part of Shanghai could one be free from this peril of arrest. As the atmosphere of terror increased from day to day, the people were so frightened that they did not know where to take shelter but surrendered themselves to their fate. They sat in their houses waiting for the blow to fall. At that time, every jail, small or large, was overcrowded. The secret service men and the guards were very busy putting the prisoners in shackles, trying and torturing them. The system of control was then becoming confused, and I thought that there must be a hope of escaping.

Every concentration camp was formerly very closely guarded and there was scarcely a chance to flee. In the detention house on Yu Yang Road, Chang Yau-fang, a native of Chinhai, Chekiang, and some others ventured to run away from the jail, but nine time out of ten they would be shot. However, the strict control in the camp was becoming gradually looser. So I dared to plan for freedom.

When I went to work in the fields, I investigated the lay of the land, noticed where the sentinels were posted, where the earth under the wires was soft. I also looked about the villages straggling in all directions. When working, I made a great effort and always kept ahead. In order to make a good impression upon the supervisor, I had never shown any idleness. In the section discussion meetings, I had used all the new terms of Communism, indicating that I was extraordinarily positive. When we were dancing in the "planting song", I made jokes that caused the secret service men to hold their sides with laughter, so that they thought I was a man without serious purpose. In a word, we had to be cautious about showing any concern that would make the secret service men suspicious and guard us more strictly. Though two heads are said to be better than one, in concentration camp one should never run in company. I have learned from experience in these places, that to keep in groups is more disadvantageous.

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May 1st in the Red World was a day of extraordinary excitement. The Communists in camp had prepared for several days, in anticipating the celebration of the holy labor festival. They were busy from morning to night in holding meetings, dancing the "planting song", and beating the "waist drum". Some salacious devils took the female comrades to their houses, and some went to the town for amusement before sunset.

It was a black night. The world was covered by darkness. The rain dripped as though the angels were shedding their tears to show pity upon innocent people like us. The cold wind roared like the voice of Freedom summoning us to seek the way of light and liberty before us. I pretended to go to the latrine in a hurry on account of indigestion. When I went to the door, the drowsy night watchman, seeing that it was I, opened it and said, "Come back quickly!" He then sat down in his chair and dozed off again. I whispered to myself, "What other opportunity should I expect if I do not go now?" I ran to a porch on the other side of the latrine to get a pickaxe, and climbed along the wall to the wire. I then crouched and in about five minutes carefully dug a ditch at right angles with the wire, I lay on my back, poked my head slowly through, and then wormed my way cautiously with my body pressing closely against the earth, as though to burrow into it, fearing that I would lose my life by touching the live wire. I was so thankful to the protection of God in His guiding me through this great difficulty.

As I arrived at the farm yard, the patrol corps was coming with flashlights in the distance. Just at hand was a compost-heap surrounded with big barrels. At that critical moment, a plan came into my mind and I hid myself under a big barrel. To avoid the malodor, the patrol made a wide detour around the compost- heap, and went on their way. I crept out and started for the outmost circuit of barbed wire, but the searchlight swept relentlessly toward me. I lay rigid on the ground, but started rolling as soon as the light had

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passed over me. I finally reached the edge of camp by alternately rolling in the darkness and freezing still during the interval of light. As the outer barbed wire was not electrified, I climbed over it easily. Rolling on for a while, I passed gradually out of danger. I then rose up from the ground and groped forward in the field. I thought that when they found out my escape, they would run along the public road leading to the town to capture me, thinking that I was strange to the places and people there. So I ran in the opposite direction from this, and considered it better to delay one day than to be discovered. The next night, I began to approach the town by a roundabout way. Through the pecuniary help and planning of a foreign friend, I went to Nanking by train that very night and then again to Hangchow from Nanking. I began thenceforth like a small animal.

The frigid winter had passed. A gentle breeze was blowing. Grass was growing. The branches of trees were draped with green wills. Small birds were singing. The spring had come. Spring brought me new hope. Spring encouraged me and increased my confidence. Spring gave me renewed inspiration for escaping to the world of freedom.

In trying to obtain a passport, I failed at every try. At last I even tried bribing the veteran staff members of the Communists. That was just what the Communists wanted me to do, and then the question was settled and I was forced to flee again.

The stars and moon were covered by cloud and the night was dark, when I set out. The train carried me through forests and clusters of bamboo, and climbed into the rocky valleys at the boundary of Chekiang and Kiangsi. The train stopped, all of a sudden, at an unknown small station. The whistle blew again and again for the start. But as we stopped time after time, the conductor told us, "The telephone said there are guerrillas ahead!" Ah! Guerrillas, What a ~~surprising~~ good news. As I waited quietly I seemed to

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hear these words:

God of freedom,  
 In the quiet night,  
 Moving with power,  
 Speaking to brave hearts!  
 Where there is slavery,  
 There is deliverance.  
 Where there is the fight for freedom,  
 There is truth!

It was another dark night. The wind was roaring; the rain was pouring. At this very moment, I climbed over another barbed wire fence, and ferried across the "Red Sea", Shunshun River. I had then escaped out of hell.

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Standing on the brink of the Free World I looked back toward the area inside the iron curtain, beyond the demarcation of the stream. I seemed to see jack-o'-lanterns twinkling over the heaps of white bones; monsters and demons with wide-open sanguine mouths, looming here and there; and the spirits of a myriad victims bitterly moaning.

But I could sing:

I am free. I will go to the Free Land, free China.  
 I am free!  
 I am happily shouting!  
 Freedom!  
 Freedom!  
 You are the sun,  
 Warming the souls of human beings.  
 You are the rain in spring,  
 Refreshing the life of every person,  
 Only from your fountain,  
 Gushes forever  
 The wide ocean of blessing.